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THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY.

The History of the Kirk of Scotland. By Mr. David Calderwood, sometime Minister of Crailing. Edited from the original Ms. in the British Museum. By the Rev. R. Thompson. Printed for the Wedrow Society. Edinburgh, 1845.

Gowrie; or, the King's Plot. By G. P. R. James. London: Sims and M'Intyre.

IN the months of August and September, in the year 1600, a controversy was going forward in Edinburgh of a very singular description. James VI., king of Scotland and king-expectant of England, had declared himself to have been exposed to a frightful danger, from which he had been delivered by a series of miracles. There was no apparent ambiguity in the circumstances; and in the main features of the story no deficiency of evidence. The hand of a ruffian had been on the king's throat; the point of a dagger at his breast. In facts so palpable as these he could not easily be mistaken; and while he published in the form of a proclamation an elaborate narrative of the attack upon him, he was anxious that his subjects should at once be made aware of the misfortune which they had so narrowly escaped, and should unite with him in an expression of gratitude to the Power which had interfered so signally in his behalf. The ministers of the church in Edinburgh were therefore invited to assist in this proper and natural proceeding; and on so remarkable an occasion objection could not have been easily anticipated. The duty which was laid before them was obvious, and ought to have been welcome; to hesitate was almost to declare themselves accomplices in the treason.

The ministers, on their part, had no thought of disloyalty; and yet such was there singular opinion of the king's character, that the course which seemed so plain was full of difficulty. They did not wish to affront James; but still they hesitated. The injunctions of the council were delivered to them; instead of obeying these injunctions, they held a meeting to discuss the conduct which they were to pursue.

At length, after a debate, they repaired with their reply to the lords; and in spite of the direct and elaborate narrative which had been laid before them, they declared "that they were not certain of the treason, and therefore could make no mention of it." They would say in general, "that the king had been delivered from a great danger;" further than this they could not and would not commit themselves. James's own letters were produced. If the contents of them were more than naked lies, the conspiracy seemed as certain as evidence could make it: the council inquired if they would consent at least to read these letters. The ungracious divines replied that they could not read the king's letters to their congregations when they doubted the truth of them. It were better, and safer, to introduce a qualifying clause, and say, "if the report be true." Perhaps no anointed sovereign, heathen or Christian, was ever placed by his subjects in so uncomplimentary a situation. The lords of the council threatened; but threats were never efficacious with Scotch clergy. James himself hurried back to Edinburgh to reason them out of their incredulity; but his words were as powerless as his writings. They would offer no thanksgivings for an escape from a conspiracy unless they were assured that there had been a conspiracy from which to escape; in other words, unless they could satisfy themselves that the king was not lying to them. "Conviction," they said, "was the gift of God;" and "it had not pleased God," in the present instance, that they should be convinced.

We propose, with the assistance of the Calderwood papers, which contain all the known particulars, to examine the occasion of this embarrassing collision,—the famous so-called plot of the Earl of Gowrie and his brother to imprison or destroy the king. The ministers, it will be seen, were not wholly wrong; and yet James hardly deserved the position in which they placed him. If we could forget the fearful features of the story, the quarrel, which lingered for years, would form one of the most grotesque episodes in the history of these islands. At all

events, both in itself and in its consequences, it is curiously illustrative of the condition of Scotland in the last years in which that country existed as a separate kingdom.

To enable our readers to understand the circumstances (or to understand them at least as far as they are ever likely to be understood), we must refresh their recollection with a few words of preamble. Most people have read some history of North Britain in the sixteenth century: we believe, however, that they never met with any history more difficult to remember, because it is a mere record of anarchy; — a string of incidents linked together in order of time, but with no organic connection.

The sixty years which followed the death of James V. may be described briefly as a period in which every conceivable element of disorder combined to make government impossible. Minorities, civil wars, wars of religion, treasons, villanies, depositions, had followed one upon another with scarcely an interval; and the sixth James, who was in all likelihood conceived in crime, whose cradle was in the midst of murder, and whose earliest recollections must have been thronged with images of terror, grew to manhood the victim of a series of revolutions, in which the seizure of his own person was the unvarying preliminary movement. When we turn the pages of the annals of that time, we wonder that any good could have befallen at last a nation among whom such things were possible; we wonder, at least, till we remember the Reformation, which alone formed the late and nobler type of the Scottish people. There was, however, this difference between the Reformation in Scotland and in England, that here it was the work of the government, — there it established itself in spite of the government; and the attitude of mutual opposition outlived its proper causes. The original discord was never properly appeased; and Protestantism, while it purified and ennobled the masses of the population, was unable to extend its renovating influence among the court and the aristocracy. The Protestant faith, in its proper spirit and sense, except for the few years which followed the expulsion of Mary, was regarded by the ruling classes with jealousy and dread; and far from being able to lend tone and strength to authority, its chief business, and unfor-

tunately at last its chief pleasure, was to tie the hands of a treacherous nobility, which was ever on the watch for its destruction.

Thus even the Reformers were driven to increase the social disorder by weakening the executive authority; and for the repression of the normal forms of human wickedness there was no power any where. Every petty lord or chieftain was a king in his own eyes and in the eyes of his vassals. They lived each as they pleased, doing good or doing evil as their disposition prompted them; and faction, treason, and revenge, tore the heart of the country. The sword was the only ruler. Enormous crimes were followed by enormous retaliations; and the spasmodic efforts of justice by fresh villanies. Beton and David Rizzio were despatched by Lynch-law when their existence had become intolerable. Darnley, in his turn, died for Rizzio; and Benton's executioners slept all in bloody graves; while the few who were alive to the shame of Scotland, and struggled for order and justice, — men like the Regent Murray, Lennox, Morton, and Ruthven, — paid for their perilous heroism by assassination or on the scaffold.

And these larger tragedies were but the symbols of the ferocity by which the whole lives of men were saturated. Scott's great scene in the dungeon at Torquilstone was borrowed from the literal history of those frightful years: a wretched churchman was roasted on the bars of his prison fire-place by the Earl of Cassilis, till he signed away his lands. Lady Forbes and all her household were burnt alive by the Gordons in the flames of their own castle. Every town and hamlet, every grange and tower, had its separate tale of horror; and the story of Scotland until James VI. came to man's estate might be written in blood. In the frightful dissolution of social order, even justice could be executed only by formal crime; and, bred in the midst of these convulsions, a king in name, but powerless as a cockboat in a hurricane, the boy grew up the nucleus of every conspiracy, the plaything of a ferocious nobility. Statesmen on whom he could lean, dignified by established authority and length of years, there were none for him. The conception of statesmen, as experience had brought them in contact with himself, was of hard fierce men, alternately cruel tyrants and the victims of rivals

like themselves. The guardian of one day passing to the scaffold on the next was the familiar issue of each oscillation of fortune.

This was not a happy training for any man, still less for a man compounded of materials such as those out of which nature had framed James Stuart. In a happier sphere, he might have grown up an innocent and not perhaps a wholly useless person. That, educated as he was, he became nothing worse than England and Scotland knew him to be, may be fairly reckoned to his credit. He could not have been great — the dwarf cannot be cultivated into the giant, or the mule into the war-horse — but his constitution was harmless, and could have been turned to good of a kind; with good fortune he might have made a useful Cathedral-dean or University-professor.

Circumstances, however, were not so kind to him. At the close of the civil wars of 1570-73, when the Reformers were for a time absolute, he was committed — being then six years old — to the care of Buchanan. The choice was not a wise one. Buchanan was an excellent scholar, he had large knowledge of books, and skilled in book instruction; but, although his course in public life had been upright and just, he was a passionate polemic. A book in which he had exposed the queen's complicity in her husband's murder was notorious through the world; and the public accuser of the mother was ill selected as the guardian of the child. Nor had the prince either friend or relation who could lend to his life any intervals of cheerfulness. His father and his uncle were murdered; Mary was a prisoner in England; and while the Protestants were in power, her name was only mentioned in his hearing coupled with execrations. Affection, in the human sense of the word, there was no human heart to feel for James, or to warm into life any answering emotion in himself: his heart, if he was born with one, soon became dry as the dust.

While Buchanan, again, taught him books and grammar, he had not found it necessary to teach him the use of an authority of which the Protestants intended to leave him but the name. The supremacy in matters temporal of the spiritual power over the secular was held as absolutely by the General Assembly as by Gregory VII.; and James, as a matter of course, being left to form his

own notions, arrived at a conclusion exactly the opposite. Hence, as much by their fault as by his own, he grew up in a false relation with the ministers of the Kirk; and when he came to manhood, and was no longer an absolute cipher, we can scarcely wonder that they agreed worse and worse. Of governing Scotland, in the real sense of the word, he was altogether incapable. His occupation soon resolved itself into a foolish and undignified struggle with the Assembly. The ministers did not choose to remember that he was no longer a child. They lectured him in private; they preached at him in their pulpits; the king's manner, the king's actions, the king's words, were the topics of favorite disquisition with which, week after week, the Edinburgh congregations were entertained. James, on the other hand, very naturally hating them, intrigued against their liberties; and in prosecuting his quarrel, made himself as ridiculous and mischievous as themselves. While the country was being wrecked for want of government, the king of it was busying himself in ecclesiastical polemics. As the ministers would erect a counterfeit of the papal theory, so James would have his counterfeit of the opposing theory. He would be the Henry VIII. of Scotland, head of the Kirk, the ass in the lion's skin, the supreme authority in all causes, spiritual and civil, in his dominions.

We might smile at the grotesqueness of the dispute, were it not for the frightful consequences. It is not with impunity however, that men who are in high place in this world can indulge in these unseemly triflings; and while the king and the clergy were bickering idly for pre-eminence, the crimes, black and horrible, — for the repression of which king and clergy, if they had known it, alike existed, — grew like the weeds in a neglected garden. A few witches and warlocks here and there were "wried and burnt;" but there was the limit of the executive authority. The retainers of the noble houses fought in Edinburgh streets before James' eyes; he looked on in helpless impotence, for what was he to stay them? Twice after he had come to man's estate he was attacked in his own palace to be abducted like a girl. And men whom he denounced as traitors appeared carelessly in their places at the council-board. If he

complained, his answer was a smile of insolence.

The state to which the nation was reduced may be seen from the following extracts, taken almost at random from Calderwood :

"James Gray, brother of the master of Gray, ravished a gentlewoman, apparent heir to her father John Carnegie; but was rendered again to her father. She was again ravished by the said James out of Robert Gowasser's house in Edinburgh, where she and her father remained for the time; she was hauled down a close to the North Loch, and conveyed over in a boat. They set her on a man's saddle and conveyed her away, her hair hanging about her face. The Lord Hume kept the High Street with armed men till the fact was accomplished. Upon Monday, the 11th of June (1593), the provost, enterprising with some bailiffs between ten and eleven at night to apprehend James Henderson who had been at the ravishing, was repulsed. A debosched minister, named Bishop, took the provost by the throat, after he had charged Henderson to ward. The Laird of Hatton withstood that any man should have him — yea, they shot at the provost. The following day the provost went to the king and complained. The king desired to know if they could complain of any that was about him. In the mean time my Lord Hume, the chief author of the riot, was standing by. They answered nothing, because they expected for no justice."

Here, too, is an account of a piteous scene once witnessed in Edinburgh streets :

"In the same year, at afternoon, the 22nd of July, there came certain poor women out of the south country with fifteen bloody shirts, to complain to the king that their husbands, sons, and servants were cruelly murdered in their own houses by the Laird of Johnstone, themselves spoiled, and nothing left them. The poor women, seeing they could not get satisfaction, caused the bloody shirts to be carried by pioneers through the town of Edinburgh. The people were much moved, and cried out for vengeance against the king and his council."

It was a wild miserable world; but how little the king could do to set it right might have been seen but two days later. We quote the next entry as it stands :

"On Tuesday, the 24th of July, the Earl Bothwell came to the palace of Holyrood House. At the back gate which openeth to the Lady Gowrie's house, as the Lady Athol was coming from the king and queen to her

mother to take good night, he rapped rudely at the king's chamber-door, which was opened by the Earl of Athol. The king would have gone to the queen's chamber, but the door was locked; and the Duke (of Lennox), Athol, Ochiltree, Spinie, and Dunipace, went between him and the door. The king seeing no other refuge, asked what they meant? Came they to seek his life? Let them take it: they would not get his soul. Bothwell, sitting upon his knees, and M'Colville with him, said he sought not his life, but came to seek his highness' pardon for the raid of the Abbey, and the raid of Falkland — (attempts which he had previously made to seize or kill James) — offering to thole an assize for witchcraft, and for seeking the king's life; and upon these and such other conditions they agreed, and his majesty pardoned him all bygans."

The royal robes must have been a bitter livery when the wearer of them was exposed to treatment such as this. James's peculiar gifts, his combined vanity and imbecility, may have protected him from the full consciousness of his humiliation; yet a school more unfitted for the cultivation of any kind of virtue, kingly or other, it is hard to conceive. It is to be remembered, too, that as no act of his own gave him the crown, so he was not at liberty to lay aside. Unfitted by nature to govern an ordinary household, he was compelled, whether he would or no, to govern a kingdom — or to seem to govern it — at all events to maintain himself in his outward position. If he could have thrown himself, when he made the discovery of his weakness, on the people and on the Reformation — if he had sought help from Elizabeth and called to his counsels the few nobles who were inclined to the English alliance, his difficulties would in great measure have given away; and if he had escaped assassination, his course might have been easy. Such conduct, however, required a courage which had not been given to him, and qualities which no other Scotchman of his day possessed. The Reformers had taught him to hate them; he naturally looked for his friends among his mother's supporters; and all around him moving in crooked courses, it is little wonder that he followed with the stream, and took his mould from the influences which bore upon him.

When he was twenty-three years old he married; and at the birth of his first child there was some short-lived national enthu-

siasm. The agitations for a time subsided, and there was a respite from the worst disorders. The interval of repose, however, was soon over; and, whether justly or not, the queen herself furnished a fresh occasion for intrigues. It is necessary to speak of these things, because, to understand the conduct of any man, we must see as clearly as possible the circumstances which surrounded him; we cannot interpret conduct without a clue to the motives, actual or likely, which lead to it; and motives which, in certain conditions of things, are incomprehensible and impossible, in others become intelligible and natural. Anne of Denmark brought with her into Scotland the habits which were usual on the Continent among ladies of rank. She was fond of amusement, fond of splendor and society; and she was transferred into a scene, where, in the eyes of the ministers,—the rugged guardians of morality,—a gay dress was the livery of sin, and a ball or a masque a service in Satan's temple. No public scandal has fastened on her memory; there is no admissible evidence that her conduct was ever really censurable. But the reformed clergy were haunted by the recollection of the luxurious and splendid wickedness of Mary; and the most innocent gaiety threatened a similar career. In every courtier on whom the queen smiled, they discovered a second Rizzio or Bothwell. The queen's conduct was discussed in the General Assembly, and resolutions were taken interfering with her household and her friends. Pressing their intrusion further, the divines even presumed to remonstrate, "as touching her company, her not repairing to the word and sacraments, her nightwalking and balling." * If their jealousy was occasioned by an earnest anxiety for the public good, it may be excused and even admired. It may be, however, that the Edinburgh ministers were not so disinterested; and that the reflections on the queen were but a part of the petty war between the king and themselves. Scandal, however, never found a public unwilling to listen to it. It is certain that whether their suspicions were just or unjust, the public expression of them soon produced the most painful effect. Even James himself, while deaf to the Kirk on subjects when it could

have guided him wisely, opened his ears wide when it would have been well if they had remained closed. A shadow fell over Anne. Prince Henry, not long after his birth, was removed from her care. She was only allowed to see him in the presence of his keepers; and with James's consent, if not by his directions, she was herself the object of surveillance. Nor was this the worst, Slander is never contented to remain indefinite; and if the popular poetry of the time may be trusted, the name of more than one nobleman was mixed with hers, and one tragedy at least, if not a second, revenged her supposed unfaithfulness.

Readers of the Scotch ballads need hardly be reminded of the bonny Earl of Murray, whose fate is the subject of one of the most beautiful of them.

"Ye highlands and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earle of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

"Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him wi' you,
But forbade ye him to slay.

"He was a braw gallant;
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

"He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queene's luve."

The last line is no enigmatical interpretation of Murray's murder. The story has a wild and terrible grandeur about it; and is too curious a parallel to the Gowrie mystery to be passed by without some notice. The "bonny earl" was nephew of the regent, whose estates he inherited as well as his name and popularity. Whether there was cause for the king's jealousy of him we can now only guess; but as he was said to be the most beautiful person in Scotland, and James' bodily attractions were small, perhaps the consciousness of his defects made the husband credulous. At any rate he supposed himself to have been injured; and, under pretence that Murray was a partisan of Bothwell, he directed Lord Huntley, the earl's hereditary enemy, to seize him.

Murray was staying with his mother, the Lady of Down, at the house of Dinny Brys-

* Calderwood, vol v. p. 409.

sell, in Fife. The Gordons, with Huntley at their head, drew round the walls in the dead of a winter's night. They fired the out-houses, the granaries, and at last the doors, and they watched by the light of the flames to prevent the escape of their victim. Murray sprang out. He was a very active man, and contrived to evade or break their line. In another moment he would have been lost in the darkness. By his evil fortune, however, a spark had caught his dress; it blazed up; he was discovered, and was shot down as he ran. The Gordons having done their work, withdrew before daybreak. One of them, who was supposed to have been killed in the confusion, was left on the ground wounded. In the morning two litters were prepared. In one was placed the body of the earl; in another, the wounded Gordon. The picture of Murray had been made roughly on canvas, as he lay scorched and bleeding upon the grass; and the Lady of Down led the mourning procession into Edinburgh, bearing the painting like a banner in her hand. Two balls had been found in her son's wounds: one she sent in piteous protest to James; the other, she said, "she reserved for herself, to be bestowed upon him that hindereth justice." The effect of such a spectacle may be imagined. The people rose in fury, heaping execrations on James's head. He issued a hurried proclamation declaring his innocence, but without effect in allaying the tumult. The Gordon was put to death at the market-cross; and in the first burst of the storm it might have gone hard with the king himself, had he not escaped out of the town. He wrote afterwards to Huntley to say that "he had never been in such peril and danger of his life since he was born." Popular explosions, however, when created by a single event, are soon over; if their work can be done on the instant, it may be done well and efficiently; if the opportunity is lost, the force of the movement is exhausted. From beyond the walls of the city, James could temporize in safety. Huntley consented to a collusive imprisonment, and a public trial was promised; and the lords gained time to assemble in sufficient strength to shield the murderer, whose punishment would be too dangerous a precedent. In a month all was over and forgotten; and the Lady of Down, in passionate

despair of justice, broke her heart and died for sorrow, leaving only with her last breath a mother's malediction to the king.

Something will now be understood of the condition of Scotland at the close of the sixteenth century. It was a condition in which no act of violence need appear surprising; in which there was no law, nor even any general conception of justice; where each separate person was the defender of his own rights and his own honor, and measured what was due to him only by the rule of his passions. King and subject were so far on a common level; for, if the king was injured, he had no remedy but private revenge. King might plot against subject, or subject against king; and deprived of the guidance of settled habits and settled convictions, men naturally neither violent nor vicious might lend themselves to actions which were both. In the discussions of historians on the tragedy which we are about to examine, much has been said on either side of the unlikelihood of the crime as a crime. But the unlikelihood amounts to nothing appreciable. James was not a bad man, but he lent himself to Murray's murder; and with the same provocation might have consented to the murder of Gowrie. Gowrie may have had all the virtues which the Protestants claimed for him; but the very virtues of the Ruthven family had shown themselves chiefly in acts which were formally treason.

We must clear our minds, then, of all preconceived probabilities, and form our conclusions merely upon the evidence. It is worth while to take some trouble with it; for James, if nothing better, was a king of England, and his doings, good or evil, will be discussed and written of while the history of England continues to be of interest. To proceed, then.

The Ruthvens of Perth had from the beginning been consistent supporters of the Scotch Reformation. The old earl, whose name is so familiar to students of Mary Stuart's history, was the first noble who recognized John Knox, and who dared to cross the path of Mary of Guise. In the insurrection of 1558, which overthrew the old establishment, Ruthven was foremost; and afterwards, as the friend of Murray, he labored like a loyal gentleman to keep his daughter out of the evil ways into which she was plunging. Mary's bad genius, however,

was too strong for Ruthven's counsel. When he found that he could do nothing, he withdrew from the court, and left her to go her course to its proper ending. His health broke up in his retirement. He lived long enough, however, to bear a part in the punishment of Rizzio, rising from a sick bed to assist in the execution; and it was to him that Lord Bedford was indebted for the account contained in the warden's despatches, of the scene in the queen's room at Holyrood, which removes the last doubt that charity might have labored to entertain of the nature of her connection with the favorite. Two months later, Ruthven died. He was succeeded in his title by his son; and the young lord, who inherited his father's character and policy, after Mary's exile, when the Protestant party was again in the ascendant, became also Earl of Gowrie.

This Gowrie, or Ruthven, was the hero of the famous *raid*; an achievement in its time of considerable moment, — another of those rough measures of justice which the sickness of the age made necessary. He was nearly connected with the crown, having married Dorothea Stuart; half-sister (it would seem) to Darnley,* and therefore aunt of the king. And when the unwise James had bestowed his affections on French Catholic favorites, who were occupying themselves in cutting off honest men's heads and debauching their neighbors' wives, Ruthven, using the privilege of an uncle, took possession of his nephew's person, and confined him for a while in better company. The earl did good service to his country: for himself, however, he found his natural reward. The authority of a strong just man threatened to put a period to anarchy; and the nobles combined to protect their liberties. Although hating one another, they could unite in a greater common hatred of any thing good. Another revolution soon followed. The raid was discovered to have been high treason; and, in 1584, Ruthven's head fell at Stirling.

It is due to James to say, that he was not himself responsible for this piece of wickedness; he was but a plaything in the hands

of the fierce bad men who surrounded him, and was in age but a boy at the time. He seems to have honestly regretted what he was unable to prevent; and, though he could have had no particular regard for his kinsman, as soon as he came of age and could consult his own feelings, he proved his sorrow by annulling the attainder of the family, and restoring to the countess and his cousin their rank and estates.

Nor did his good-will confine itself to an act of mere justice. The earl had left behind him six children at least — two daughters and four sons. The eldest girl was given in marriage to the Duke of Lennox, the first nobleman in Scotland. Beatrice, the next, was attached to the court, and was lady-in-waiting to the queen; a house was assigned to their mother, adjoining the palace at Holyrood; and Alexander, the second son, grew up in James' suite, and was his intimate companion. These things are of great importance, as showing the relation which existed between the Ruthvens and the king. It seems, at the outset at least, as if the only desire was to bury all painful recollections in kindness.

The young Earl Gowrie, about the year 1594, went abroad to be educated. He was for five years at the University of Padua; where, in compliment perhaps to his rank, he was nominated lord rector. It is, however, certain that, in mind and character, he was no ordinary person. At a time when many of the lords who sat in the estates at Edinburgh could scarcely write their names, Gowrie studied Greek and Hebrew; and, fatally for his reputation, he had mastered a few secrets of physical science, as it was then taught at Padua, which on his return brought him the name of a necromancer. In religion, like his father and grandfather, he seems to have been a Calvinist. At Geneva he became an intimate friend of Theodore Beza, who remembered him with peculiar affection; and his political sympathies being also those of his family, he inclined to England and the English alliance as the best support of his country. Abroad he courted the acquaintance of English noblemen; the house of Sir Henry Neville, Elizabeth's ambassador, was his home at Paris; and when the time came for his return to Scotland, he went through London on his way, where he was received with especial honor by the queen.

* Dorothea Stuart was daughter of Lord Methuen, who married Margaret, queen-dowager of Scotland and sister of Henry VIII., after her divorce from her second husband, the Earl of Angus. But whether Dorothea was the child of this marriage is uncertain. The ease and frequency of divorces — another frightful evil of the social system of the time — renders the pedigrees of the great families extremely intricate.

His reputation preceded him; and the appearance in public life of the chief of the Ruthven family was necessarily an event of great importance. During his absence, the French and Spanish faction had been supreme in James' council; the Protestants had become gradually weaker; and a concealed but active correspondence had been carried on between the king and the court of Rome. The parties, however, were nearly equally balanced; and the arrival of Gowrie, whose principles were so well known, was anxiously expected with violently opposite feelings. The jealousy of James is said to have been excited by the treatment which he had received from Elizabeth. This circumstance is more probable in itself that attested by evidence. It is certain, however, that when he crossed the border, he was already feared and hated by a faction who had strong influence over James' mind; and, perhaps unhappily for him, the Protestants made his return the occasion of a popular demonstration. It was in February A.D. 1600 that Gowrie entered Edinburgh. "He raid up the calsey with a great company of his friends," the hero of the party with whom the king was in perpetual feud; and the old dread and panic at the Ruthven name which had slept for so many years woke again when James heard of it. With an unfeeling bitterness, which was bitterly remembered against him, he was heard to mutter, "There were more with his father when he was conveyed to the scaffold;" and he seems to have eyed Gowrie as Saul eyed David.

It soon appeared, too, that the earl was his father's son, and was a true Ruthven at heart. In March there was a convention of the estates; the king having occasion for money, some iniquitous taxing scheme was proposed; and Gowrie opened his political life with opposing the court, and opposing it successfully. The scheme failed; the king's purse remained empty; and his temper was not improved towards the cause. The young patriot had made himself obnoxious; and his probable fate was foreseen and foretold. While they were still in council, Sir David Murray pointed to him where he sat: "Yender," said he, "is an unhappy man; they are but seeking occasion of his death, which now he has given." * There

* Calderwood, vol. vi. This seems an ascertained fact.

must have been some cause for so remarkable a prophecy beyond a single act of political opposition. The absence of facts, however, may not be supplied by guesses. We must confine ourselves to what we actually know.

But although Gowrie had openly joined the opposition, there was no open rupture with the court; and he continued through the spring on apparently friendly terms with the king. He was frequently at Holyrood. We hear of the king conversing freely with him on questions of science, and writing frequently to him when absent. Nor, again, on his part are there any symptoms of manœuvring, or any signs of a desire to interfere with the court, except in the discharge of his immediate duty in the council. In personal disposition he was reserved, retiring, and unambitious. At the beginning of the summer he settled in his house at Perth, of which the earls of Ruthven were hereditary provosts. We hear of him being active as a magistrate, and by and by as making preparation for his marriage. So far as we can see with our meagre knowledge, nothing could have been further from his thoughts than conspiracy, as nothing could have been more useless. At no time in James' reign would a conspiracy against him have been less likely to succeed; or, if successful, have promised so little to the cause which Gowrie most regarded.

Such, then, being the general position of the Ruthven towards the king, we pass on to the eventful Tuesday the 5th of August, in this same year 1600; and James, who from the commencement of the story is the chief or rather the only witness, shall tell it his own way.

At the end of July the court had removed to Falkland for the hunting season. The sportsmen in those days were early in the field; and James was mounting his horse between six and seven in the morning, when Alexander Ruthven, dusty from a hurried journey, came suddenly up to him and begged a private audience. The king went aside with him; and Ruthven, with a mysterious manner, declared that on the preceding evening he had been walking near Perth, when he had met a suspicious-looking stranger wandering with no apparent purpose about the fields. He questioned him, he said, as to who and what he was; and finding his answers unsatisfactory, and ob-

serving that he was carrying something concealed in his dress, threw back the folds of the man's cloak, and found under his arm "a great wide pot all full of coined gold in great pieces." No account could be given of the gold further than that the stranger said he was looking for a place where he could bury it. Ruthven therefore at once arrested him, took him into the town, locked him carefully up in "a darned outhouse" with his treasure, and without informing his brother or any other person of the capture, had ridden off upon the spot to inform his majesty.

This, it is to be remembered, is the account which was given afterwards by the king; we have no means of checking it; and the only ascertained fact is that Ruthven appeared in the courtyard at Falkland. No stranger had been really found, and no treasure; and the rest of his story either was a lie on the part of Ruthven, or else was invented by the king to conceal something which he did not care to expose. Reserving our opinion for the present, we proceed. James said that he thought the matter "very strange." It occurred to him that the stranger might be a Jesuit, and that the gold might be some private supply sent from Spain to feed a popish conspiracy. Large sums of money had before found their way into the realm from that quarter in a strange manner, and the suspicion was not an unnatural one. It is remarkable only that James was himself at that very moment engaged in a correspondence with the Pope; and that at no other time, at any rate, had he discovered particular zeal in detecting Jesuits, while his story, as it appeared in English,* was addressed to his Protestant

* A Latin version was published, in which, it was observed, the passage alluding to the Jesuits was omitted,—an unfortunate circumstance, which brought the king into still deeper discredit. It might be, as the acute ministers at Edinburgh observed, "that the Papists" would then have "said it was a lee." And if Catholics and Protestants united in their incredulity, it might have been awkward. Further suspicion falls on James from an attempt which he made to fasten on the Ruthvens a charge of Romanising. Patrick Galloway, the king's preacher, was instructed to say of Gowrie, that "without the country he haunted with the Papists, yea, with the Pope himself: with whom he had not conference only, but farther has made covenants and bands with him, as appear very well; for since his home-coming he has travelled most earnestly with the king; and his

subjects to appease their suspicious irritation. Whatever he thought, however, or professed to have thought, he thanked Ruthven, as he said, for his zeal, and proposed that he should send a warrant to the provost of Perth (the Earl of Gowrie) to examine the man and take charge of the money; when a report was returned, he said, he would consider further. To this Ruthven made strong objection. He said, that if his brother had possession of the money, his majesty would receive but a bad account of it; and he pressed the king to return with him to Perth, and see the stranger himself. The distance was something under twenty miles; they could be on the spot in two hours at the furthest. "His brother and all the town would be at sermon;" and "his majesty might take what secret order he pleased before they came out of church;" while, if they delayed too long, *the man might cry out*; some one might hear him, and the money would be lost. The king was at a loss what to do. His coffers, as we have seen, were not well supplied, partly through Gowrie's means; and "a pot of gold" had a tempting sound. On the other hand, the story was a wild one; and for a moment he thought that Ruthven might be out of his mind. Meanwhile the dogs had gone forward; the horns were blowing; the stag was found; and he would see the hunt out at any rate. He galloped off, still thinking of what he had heard; and shortly after he sent back a page to desire Ruthven to follow him, with a message, that when the sport was over, he would do as he had desired.

The hunt lasted long, Mr. Alexander being "much impatient" the while, and at every pause or check riding up and "rounding in the king's ear that he should make haste." At length, about eleven o'clock, the stag was killed. James turned to his train, telling them he was going to Perth to speak to the Earl of Gowrie, and that he would return before the evening. He gave no directions for any one to accompany

his majesty has received from him the hardest assault that ever he did to revolt from religion,—at least in inward sincerity, to entertain purpose with the Pope." *Calderswood*, vi. 52. So transparent a slander obtained the credit which it deserved; and where so large a lie was thought necessary, it was felt the more confidently that there was something ugly behind it.

him; and leaving the courtiers to follow or not as they pleased, he started with Ruthven. Lord Mar, the Duke of Lennox, Sir Thomas Erskine, and a few other noblemen whose grooms were in the field with fresh horses, mounted with the best speed they could make and rode after. The rest, being unprovided, were obliged to return to Falkland.* It seems that Ruthven hoped to have taken the king with him alone. When Mar and the others came up, he urged that they should go back, and "so vehemently" that the king began to suspect mischief; he rode aside with Lennox, and told him the story: and although he still resolved to go forward, he desired Lennox "not to fail to accompany him to the house where the alleged fellow and treasure was."† They then rode rapidly on; James's mind, he said, misgiving him, yet unable to come to any sure conclusion. One moment he doubted Ruthven's loyalty, and the next he "was ashamed of" his doubt; and so, "between trust and distrust," he found himself two miles from Perth.

Here a messenger was pushed forward to announce that the king was coming, and to prepare the earl for his royal visitor. It was now one o'clock. Lord Gowrie, on the messenger's arrival, was sitting alone at dinner; and if he was not taken by surprise, he acted his part to perfection. He rose in haste from the table, and calling his people out of the hall (there were about eighty of them altogether), he hurried down to meet the king on the meadow beyond the gates. He escorted him to his house, making apologies for the indifferent entertainment which on the moment he should be able to offer. Dinner, however, should be ready as soon as possible; and he hoped to be forgiven if any thing was deficient, on the ground of want of preparation. They dismounted; and as there was some delay before dinner appeared,

* This is important; and being an ascertained fact, and not resting on James' authority, it disposes conclusively of the suspicion of intended foul play on the part of the court against the Ruthvens. If there had been any prearranged scheme to turn a hunting-party into a body of conspirators, the precaution would have been surely taken to furnish a sufficient number of the king's train with fresh horses. Of the noblemen who actually accompanied him, two at least were near connections of the Ruthven family; Lord Mar was the earl's godfather, and the Duke of Lennox was his brother-in-law.

† This is important, as will be presently seen.

the king whispered to Alexander Ruthven that now was the time to inspect the stranger and his treasure. Ruthven, who had before been so anxious that time should not be lost, replied, he said, to the king's surprise, that "there was no hurry," "his majesty might dine at leisure," praying his majesty to leave him, and not to be seen to round with him before his brother, who, having missed him that morning, might suspect what the matter could mean."* The earl meanwhile was anxious and disturbed. There was a visible embarrassment in his manner; but it was no more than might be explained by the sudden visitation, which, especially if there had been any coldness between himself and the king, may have been easily unwelcome.†

An hour passed away. At length dinner was ready. A separate cover was placed for the king in the earl's sitting-room. The rest of the party were taken to the great table in the hall. According to the etiquette of the time, the host ought to have remained with the latter to entertain them. It was observed that he left them to themselves, and returned, after seeing them seated, to wait upon the king. He hung about the room in a constrained uneasy manner; and at length James, who was anxious to be left to himself, that he might set out on his adventure with young Ruthven, rallied him on his ignorance of Scotch manners, and, "in a merry, homely manner," dismissed him to his company.

Gowrie went. According to James' story, although the two brothers had been alone with him in a private room, nothing had passed of an unusual kind. There had been no dispute, no irritating questions. If they had chosen to seize him, he was then at their mercy. His train was separated from him, and at most did not amount to more than fourteen persons; Gowrie's own household servants would have sufficed to arrest the whole of them, unsuspecting and unarmed. However, as we said, the earl left the apartment; James and Ruthven rose immediately; and we must now observe particularly the king's account. The difficulty of the story lies in the mysterious suddenness with which the catastrophe broke.

* King's declaration. Calderwood, vi. 35.

† "A cold welcome—a very cold welcome." Calderwood.

Ruthven, he said, first led him across the bottom of the hall where his party were at dinner. He thus gave him an opportunity of directing any of the noblemen to accompany him, if he had desired to do so; and it is evident that James did nothing of the kind. He had previously said that the Duke of Lennox should go with him; and as Lennox must have seen him cross the hall, some intimation must have been given that his presence would not be required. They then passed up a staircase, at the head of which was a double door; Ruthven locked it behind them, and thence they went on through a suite of apartments, into a small room six feet in diameter, which was called "the study." Being so small, and there being another door in the opposite side, this must have been a sort of passage-room. Possibly, however, it was used by Gowrie for scientific or other similar purposes. Here, they came in, James said that he saw before him, not a bound man, but a freeman with a very abashed countenance, and a dagger at his girdle. He was stammering out an inquiry whether this was the stranger whom they had come to see, when Ruthven for answer locked the door by which they had entered; and then, with an instant change in his manner, thrust on his bonnet, and snatching the dagger from the man's belt, he held the point of it at the king's breast, "bidding him remember his father's murder, and swearing that if he cried out he should die."

James is said to have been a coward, although on trying occasions he exhibited rather helplessness than fear, and his hard riding seems incompatible with a positive absence of courage. However this may be, if he is to be trusted, he did not on the present occasion lose his presence of mind; he collected himself as well as the suddenness of the attack would allow him. He was unarmed, and had no defence but his eloquence, which, however, he summoned to his help. He poured out an excellent discourse on the impropriety of making away with kings; he reminded Ruthven (so he assured his Protestant subjects) of the lessons which he had received from that worthy man Mr. Robert Rollock, the minister at Edinburgh, and of the kindnesses he had himself shown the Gowrie family. He declared justly that he was a boy at the time of the late earl's death, and could not be

held responsible for it; and finally he promised, on the word of a prince, that if Ruthven would spare his life, he would never mention what had passed to any human being.

The strange man meanwhile never had offered to move, but "stood trembling and skaking more like a condemned man than the executioner of such an enterprise." He had cried out, nevertheless, when Ruthven first caught the dagger, "with trembling attestations, exclaiming against the meddling with his majesty;" and Ruthven, between the helplessness of his follower and the power of the king's oratory, appeared for the moment to be moved. He took off his bonnet, and in a more respectful tone said that the king had nothing to fear. If he would be quiet and make no noise, his life should be safe. He would go himself and fetch his brother the earl. With these words he left the room; first, however, exacting an oath that the king should remain silent, and that he should not open the window which looked into the street; and at the same time telling the man that he left his majesty in his hands, and that he should be responsible for his prisoner with his life.

The king was then alone with his strange companion, to whom he appealed for an explanation of the scene. What was intended with him, he asked. Did the Earl of Gowrie mean to kill him? The man, with "a trembling and astonished voice," declared that he knew as little as his majesty. As God should judge him he was ignorant of any conspiracy; and that he had been locked in the room, he knew not for what cause, but a few minutes before his majesty entered.

James bade him open the window, having, as he said, given his word that he would not open it himself,—a piece of helpless sophistry, introduced, we may suppose, into the narrative like the story of the Jesuit, to please the precisians of the Kirk. It will be seen that there are many ascertainable inaccuracies throughout the whole account of the scene in the closet. Presently there were steps again upon the stairs, the door was thrown open, and Ruthven came passionately back, with a pair of garters in his hand, declaring there was no remedy, and that the king must die. He offered to twist the garters about James' hands. James

cried out that he would not be bound; if he was to die, he would die a free man, and began to struggle. Ruthven tried to draw his sword.* The king caught him by the throat with one hand, and caught the sheath of the sword in the other. They were close to the window, and while Ruthven tried to silence him by thrusting his fingers into his mouth, he was able to stutter loud enough to make himself heard in the street.

Such are the facts as James related them. We must now return for a few moments to the hall. It would throw considerable light upon the greatest difficulties of the case, if we knew how long an interval elapsed between the time when the king went up the stairs with Ruthven till the cry at the window. He could not have been many minutes in the study; and we should desire to know whether any period remains unaccounted for, when something else, which James did not care to acknowledge, may have taken place in the gallery. The king's train, at all events, had finished their dinner, and were rising from the table, when a servant came hastily in, and said that the king had mounted his horse, and had ridden off across the meadow. They all hurried out, Gowrie being himself with them. The hall-door led into a quadrangle, from which a gate opened into the street. The party hastened to the porter's lodge, where they were told that it was a mistake. The king was still in the house; or if he had left it, it was not through the gate. Gowrie said that he believed the porter "leed." He would see instantly, however, what was the truth, and disappeared up a staircase. In a few moments he returned saying that the king had gone out by a postern, and that they must mount at once and overtake him. They passed out into the street, calling loudly for their horses. At that moment the window above their heads was flung open; a voice was heard crying to the Earl of Mar for help, and looking up they saw Ruthven and the king in the act of struggling.

Sir Thomas Erskine, who was standing next to the Earl of Gowrie, caught him by the gorget, exclaiming, "Thou art the traitor!" and flung him on the ground. One of the Ruthvens, in return, felled Erskine with "a buffet;" and all the party

* It was found afterwards rusted into the scabbard so tightly that two men could not draw it.

then scattered in search of some means of access to the room where the king was crying. Lord Mar and the Duke of Lennox tried the stairs by which he had gone up from the hall, but they were stopped by the locked doors, and were obliged to wait for axes and hammers before they could force their way. Sir John Ramsay, "a page," by accident, discovered the back staircase which formed the other approach. It was open; and he ran up, followed, at a short interval, by Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries. Ramsay, when he came upon the scene, found the king, who was a weaker and smaller man than Ruthven, just on the point of winning the victory for himself. He had got his assailant's head under his arm, and was in the act of thrusting him out of the door. In such a situation it would have been easy to secure Ruthven, unarmed as he was, for his sword was still in the scabbard, and he had no other weapon. Perhaps, however, this would have required greater coolness than could fairly have been looked for. The king cried to the page to strike him under the doublet, and kept his hold till Ramsay had stabbed him twice. They then together thrust the wounded man down the steps, where he was found immediately after by Erskine and Herries. They at least might have taken him prisoner without difficulty; but either they forgot it, or they remembered that dead men tell no tales. They despatched him with their swords; and the only words which he was heard to utter were, "*Alas, I had not the wit of it!*"*

By this time Gowrie himself had reached the staircase; he had gone, it would seem, for arms, and now came up with a sword in each hand, attended by one companion; two others remaining below.† He must have passed his brother's body on the steps; but he ran on, and as he appeared, the king was thrust back into the room and the door was shut. If Gowrie had meditated foul play, he was a blundering traitor. Erskine said to him, "You have killed the king our master; and will you also take our lives?"

* Spotswood, who heard the story two days after from the minister at Perth, says that the words were, "I take God to witness I was not to blame."

† Spotswood, Calderwood. James said that seven or eight came up with the earl; but they were like Falstaff's men in buckram. His terror multiplied the number. This is the most audacious falsehood which we can detect in his story.

"The king killed!" Gowrie could only exclaim. The points of his swords were dropped to the ground; he stood overwhelmed as it seemed with horror; and while in this position, Ramsay stole behind him, and stabbed him through the back.*

Gowrie fell, and died without a word. Almost at the same instant Mar and the Duke of Lennox came in on the other side, having broken their way through the door at the head of the staircase. All was over before they arrived; and James, as they joined him, with an earnestness which it is impossible to believe wholly counterfeited, fell on his knees in the midst of the group to offer thanks for his escape. "His majesty," they said, "out of his own mouth did then thank God of that miraculous deliverance and victory; assuring himself that God had preserved him out of so desperate a peril for the perfecting of some greater work behind; and for the procuring by him the weale of his people."

He was still, nevertheless, in great danger. His little party was surrounded by the exasperated household, who were swarming in the quadrangle. Gowrie had disappeared; nothing certain was known of his fate; and the news of the confusion spread like wildfire into the town, where he was warmly beloved. The mob, with the retainers of Ruthven, beset the doors, crying, that they would have the earl, or the king's green coats should pay for it; and words were heard ringing up the staircase which must have made James quake from rage and terror. "Come down," cried Ruthven of Foregun; "thou son of Signor Davie; thou hast slain an honest man than thyself." At length the bailiffs, with the town-watch, appeared on the scene, and restored some kind of order. They made their way through the crowd, and after a parley were admitted into the room, where the king's story was told to them. The presence of Lennox and Mar gave a weight to his words which his own unkingly carriage would less easily have obtained. Satisfied at least, if not of the earl's guilt, yet of the obvious improbability that James, with a small unarmed train, could have come to Perth with

the deliberate intention of committing a crime, they undertook to pacify the people and secure his escape. There was nothing else to be done. If the earl's people had killed the whole party before they arrived, perhaps no great regret would have been felt for them: but it was obviously impossible for the magistrates of a provincial town to consent to the arrest of their sovereign. They descended into the quadrangle, and persuaded the crowd to disperse; and late in the evening the king made his way out of the place, and returned to Falkland.

The mysterious tragedy was concluded, whatever was the true cause of it. The two Ruthvens were dead, who alone possessed the clue to the mystery; and James was the only living person who could tell whether any secret lay behind which he had not revealed, or whether he had related faithfully what had befallen himself. Doubtless he would have been glad to leave the matter where it lay, and stir no further in it. But this was impossible. For the second time within a few years a popular nobleman had been brought to a violent end by the king's fault or misfortune; and the position and character of the Earl of Gowrie made a public explanation indispensable. Some version of what had taken place must be laid before the nation which they could accept, or at least profess to accept; or the Crown which James wore, and still more the crown which he hoped to wear, might be in peril.

The next morning, therefore, before or after the day's hunting (for it is noticeable that, notwithstanding his supposed miraculous deliverance, for which Scotland was to go upon its knees, his amusements went on as usual),* an official narrative was drawn up, when the story was told as it has been here related, and submitted to the ministers at Edinburgh. The ignominious reception of it we already know, and it is not easy to blame the general unbelief. Truthfulness, as was well known, was not a virtue for which James was distinguished, and looked at merely in itself, irrespective of other evidence, the account seemed utterly wild, incoherent, and incredible. The fact of the death of the Ruthvens seemed to be the only fact which was certain. The best evidence in favor of the rest was, that if James had been driven into invention, he

* Spotswood. The archbishop's evidence is unexceptionable on this point, for he takes James' side. And yet, in the proclamation, the court dared to pretend that there had been a desperate battle, and that the king's party were all wounded.

* Calderwood, vi. p. 49.

would have put together something more plausible. The ministers may have been inclined to judge him hardly, but even the most moderate persons felt uncertain; and the more the story was scrutinized, the more serious appeared its flaws. The variations in the Latin and English versions, the attempts to fasten upon the Protestant Gowrie a charge of secret dealing with the Pope, were uselessly impudent; and when it became known that, instead of the seven or eight ruffians who were said to have assisted the earl in his attack on the king, he had been attended by but one man, and had been stabbed unresistingly behind his back, so grave a falsehood compelled the worst suspicions.

Calderwood has preserved the expressions of feeling which were generally current; and the objections, it must be allowed, seem fatal to James' credit.

Gowrie was a nobleman of stainless character. How was it to be supposed, men asked, that he would have inveigled the king to his house with an intention of killing or imprisoning him, when he had nothing to gain by his crime, and he would be held instantly and inevitably accountable?

The story of the pot of gold was strange and improbable. It was childish to believe that a sane man would have tempted the king with such a bait, or that James could have been caught by it.

Young Ruthven had urged as a reason for haste that his prisoner might cry out and make a noise. Surely any common person would have thought that he might have cried out already. He had been taken the evening before: and Ruthven had been all night and the morning after absent. Unless some better security had been taken for his keeping, it was a fool's errand to ride twenty miles the middle of the next day in the hope of finding him safe.

The king said he thought Ruthven might perhaps be mad, or might be meditating treason. If he had suspicions of this kind, why did he venture to go alone with him into the gallery without calling Lennox, or at least some servant, to attend him, as he passed through the hall?

Still more, how could Ruthven have calculated beforehand on such an extent of foolishness? And James, in his explanation, embarrassed this portion of his case

still more deeply. When the accusations were retorted on himself, when he, and not the Earl of Gowrie, was called the chief conspirator, he declared that he had no need to have hazarded his person in that way in order to punish the Ruthvens. "He had cause enough to have taken their lives, if he had pleased."* If the two brothers were already so deep in treason as to have forfeited their lives, and James knew it, who could believe that he would have been tempted by a report of a pot of gold to trust himself in their power?

The strange helpless man in the study too, who and what was he? Why was he not produced? He had been placed there, it seemed, with no word of instruction what he was to do, or what was expected of him. If an accomplice had been wanted for the murder, would not some one have been selected who had been prepared for his work beforehand? If Ruthven was to have done the deed himself, would he have placed a witness on the very spot where it was to be perpetrated? The supposition was absurd.

Ruthven was unarmed. His sword was at his belt, but it could not be drawn for rust. Was this like a preparation for assassination?

And again: "it was thought a foolish thing in Mr. Alexander, and unlikely, to hold a dagger to the king's breast, and then to stand upon parley."

How, after his first menace, could Mr. Alexander have gone out, leaving the king with a man who, it was clear by that time, would give no help,—taking a promise from the king that he would not open the window, or call out?

When he came back again, and said he must kill him, would he have waited to tie his hands with a garter? A charge with so many improbabilities would have been laughed out of any court of justice in the kingdom.

Why, it was asked, was Alexander Ruthven killed? They had closed the lips which alone could confute the king's story; and with his last breath he had declared his innocence.

The cry was, therefore, for the only other witness,—the man in the study. If any such man had existed at all (which was generally doubted), he could be found somewhere. Let him be brought forward. The

* Calderwood vi. p. 85.

king could give no description of him, except that he was "a black grim man." He had not asked him his name. The fellow had slipped away, it was said, when Sir John Ramsay came up the stairs; and yet Erskine and Herries, who were immediately behind, had seen nothing of him. He had disappeared like a wraith,—a creation of James' terror, or perhaps invention.

Public opinion had pronounced so decidedly against the court that they found it essential somehow to produce this man,—the real man, if possible; if not possible, then some one who could pass for the real man, for produced he must be. He was indispensable to their case. They mismanaged the matter miserably; for although, as we believe, there was a man, and he was at last discovered, in their eagerness or their carelessness they had blundered first on so many counterfeits that the truth became only a fresh falsehood. First one man was produced, and then another; but the evidence in each case broke down. After two failures, it was asserted positively that the guilty person was a certain Harry Younger, a servant of the earl. This again was a mistake; but the suspicion cost the poor man his life. On the day in question Younger had been at Dundee, and not at Perth at all; and he was on his way to the court to protest his innocence when he was met by a party of troopers. They chased him, and he tried to hide himself among some corn-sheaves: but he was discovered, and killed and carried in triumph to Falkland. The body was exhibited in the market-place; a sermon was preached over it; and congratulations were offered to James "that the man was gotten at last, though he could not be gotten alive."

The following day this piece of careless needless cruelty was exposed, and the odium was of course increased. Failing to find the man they wanted, the court arrested Mr. Rind, the Earl of Gowrie's tutor, hoping to extort some confession which might assist them. The ordinary examination producing nothing, they put him in "the boots," and in this way crushed out some foolish stories of the earl's supposed witchcraft and diabolical acts. They extracted nothing, however, to throw light on the treason, and were at a loss what to do: when it was announced that the search was successful at last; that the man so much in question was

Andrew Henderson, the earl's chamberlain. The new discovery met with little acceptance; it was believed only that the imposture this time was more skilfully managed; yet it is most likely that the incredulity was here overshooting itself; that there really was a man in the situation which James described, and that it really was Henderson. James had indeed declared that the person whom he had seen was black and grim, whilst Henderson was small and fair; and when Henderson's name was first mentioned to James, he replied, that "he knew that smike well enough, and that it was not."* But this, instead of making against the truth of Henderson's confession, appears rather to confirm it. If the court, or Patrick Galloway, the court-chaplain (for he was said to have been the agent in the business), had undertaken to provide a counterfeit, he would have produced some one whose appearance tallied better with the king's description; while again, the story which Henderson told, although agreeing in outline and in many important particulars with that of James, yet varies from it in points too little complimentary to the latter to have been forged to defend him. In spite of the unbelief of the Edinburgh ministers, we feel constrained to accept this new witness; and although it leaves the cause which led to the catastrophe more obscure than before, yet it is a caution to historical scepticism, confirming as it does the king's declaration in some of its least probable features. Except for Henderson, most persons would probably have rejected the entire account as wholly incredible; or if they had taken it to be true, they would have found an explanation of it in the king's own suspicion that young Ruthven was insane. James' folly, combined with Ruthven's madness, might have sufficed to produce every successive circumstance; and in the story of the stranger and his treasure, and in Ruthven's subsequent conduct, as described by James, there is a methodical absurdity very like insanity. We are reluctantly forced, however, to dismiss this interpretation. Henderson's evidence proves that there was an understanding of some kind between the brothers, though of what kind neither he knew nor any one.

Henderson stated before the council, that

* Calderwood, vi. p. 49.

on the evening of Monday the 4th of August, he was directed by the *Earl of Gowrie* to be in readiness to ride to Falkland with Mr. Alexander at four o'clock the next morning. He obeyed as he was told. They reached Falkland as the court were mounting for the hunt; and Alexander, after speaking to the king, directed him (Henderson) to return at his best speed to Perth, and to say to his brother that "his majesty would come, and would be quiet." By ten o'clock he was again at home. The earl took him into the study, and asked him a few questions as to the persons who were at the hunt, &c. He was then dismissed. An hour later, Gowrie told him that he would be wanted in the afternoon to assist in the capture of a Highland thief, and he must see that his arms were in order. At twelve he was going to his own house to eat something before he started, when the steward told him that he had better stay where he was; the earl's body-servant was ill, and he should carry up the dishes for his lordship's dinner. He took up the first course; and as he was following with the second, the master (Alexander) came in and spoke a few words to the earl. The latter rose immediately. They went out together; and Henderson supposing, as he said, that they were going to the Highlands, sent his boy to fetch his steel-bonnet and gauntlets. Presently after, he learnt that the king was coming; and that they were going to the meadow to meet him. He threw aside his arms, therefore, and followed in his ordinary dress. When the royal party arrived at the house, he was sent to fetch drink; and soon after the earl called him, and said, that he was to go up to the master into the gallery. The earl himself followed him thither, directing him to remain with his brother, and to do whatever he was told. He asked what it was to be. The master merely answered that he was to wait in the study till he returned.* He was then locked in; and he knew nothing more till Alexander entered with the king.

* In this most important point Henderson's evidence is strongly confirmed. An attached servant of Gowrie, who was executed for his share in the riot which followed Ruthven's death, deposed on the scaffold, when he could gain nothing by telling a lie, that he had himself seen Henderson going up into the gallery with the earl; and that Henderson, in relating to him afterwards what had taken place, assured him that he was as ignorant as himself of the object with which he had been taken there.

From this time, substantially if not exactly, his account agrees with that of James. "The master," he said, "at his very entry, caught the dagger from his (Henderson's) girdle, and pointing it at the king's breast, exclaimed, 'Remember you of my father's murder. Ye shall now die for it.' In an other moment he would have stabbed him on the spot, but that he (Henderson) darted forward and wrenched the weapon out of his hands." James, it is remembered, ungrateful for his deliverance, declared that Henderson had stood trembling and shaking, and attributed his escape to his own rhetoric. A discrepancy of this kind is, however, intelligible and natural. "Wanting the dagger," Henderson continues, and the king giving him gentle words, the master told him, "with many abominable oaths," to hold his peace; he need not be afraid; they would not hurt him if he would make such a promise as his brother and he would require of him. Ruthven then left the room. The king asked him who he was; he replied, "A servant of my lord's." "His majesty asked if my lord would do any evil to him." Henderson answered, "As God should judge him, he would himself die first." He was opening the window to give the alarm, when Alexander Ruthven re-entered. He had not seen the earl; but he said there was no remedy, the king must die. The story of the garter, absurd as it appeared, was true. Ruthven had a garter in his hand, and tried to bind the king with it, when he (Henderson again) dragged it away from him. Twice, he said, the king would have been "stickit" but for his interference; and, finally, in the last scuffle, he threw the window open, freed James from his assailant's grasp, and enabled him to call for help at the moment when his train was in the street. "Wilt thou not help?" Ruthven said to him. "Woe betide thee, thou wilt make us all dee." The next instant Sir John Ramsay entered; and Henderson, seeing that there was no more danger, and thinking that, in the excitement, he might very likely be run through the body, slipped away and concealed himself.

Such is Henderson's story, which is strongly confirmed in many of its details, and seems consistent and credible throughout. It is without the purpose or connection which would have been given to a forgery:

and when the ministers at Edinburgh refused to believe the man's statement unless he was executed for complicity in treason and repeated his story on the scaffold, they left the balance of charity decidedly on the king's side. To have hanged Henderson on the ground of his own confession (as Robert Bruce, the spokesman of the Assembly on this occasion, desired), would have been a barbarous murder.

The scene in the study is, therefore, we think, to be taken as ascertained, in its essential features; and also, to some extent, the complicity of Gowrie. There is no reason for doubting that Gowrie was, as Henderson said, aware of his brother's morning ride to Falkland; and of the concealment of Henderson in the cabinet. For the meaning of it all, however, we are as much at a loss as ever. The difficulties in the supposition of an intended attack on James seem still insuperable. The Ruthvens may have shared in all the wild feelings of the times. They might have felt that a deadly feud lay between them and the king. There is no unlikelihood in their having nourished a plan of revenge. The objection is, that their preparations point in no way to a deliberate commission of a crime. They had kinsmen enough of their own blood from whom to have chosen their confederate; or there were villains enough in Scotland of any blood, without trusting themselves to an ignorant and unarmed domestic. That Henderson had a dagger with him was only an accident; and Alexander Ruthven was equally unprovided. Such a scheme with such an accomplice was never yet devised for the murder of a king.

On the other hand, that there was a plot on the part of James to kill the Ruthvens is still more inconceivable. Henderson's evidence, if true, is of course conclusive on this point. But if we set Henderson aside, it is still preposterous that the King would have attempted to kill a popular nobleman in his own house, attended, at most, by sixteen half-armed companions. The domestic retinue of the Ruthvens outnumbered four times the train which he brought with him; the people of Perth were better subjects of their provost than of their sovereign; and the mere issue of the actual circumstances ought not to blind any reasonable thinker to the unlikelihood of the success of such an

adventure if purposely undertaken. Again, we could make allowance for the habits of the age. If the king believed himself injured, he might be tempted, like his subjects, to fall back upon private revenge. But to hazard his own person in any such romantic piece of villainy, was little in character with James VI.; and if the evidence were as strong against him as it is in reality insignificant and worthless, we should be still incredulous.

Here, therefore, we pause to say a few words of Mr. James the novelist. At the head of this article we have placed an exceedingly bad novel called the *King's Plot*; one of a vast multitude of such, for which we are indebted to the industry of this writer, who has used his inventive powers, to make the hypothesis of the king's guilt plausible.

If there was more ability in his workmanship, we should have to quarrel with him more seriously. As the matter stands, we content ourselves with protesting against this and all similar dealings with history as unpermitted and unjust. We ask with all seriousness, by what right Mr. James, or any man, in dealing with historical persons and historical facts, presumes, on his own authority, as if he was some inspired seer into the secrets of all things, to resolve doubts into certainties—to write out three volumes of consecutive narrative in the perfect indicative tense[—]inventing facts where evidence fails, omitting others where evidence is inconvenient; and when we bring him to the bar and demand his authorities, to tell us quietly that he is a writer of romance, not of reality, and to decline to plead? On behalf of history, we entreat the public to withhold their approbation from such productions, whatever be their imaginative attractiveness. Let it be understood that, if the romance-writer chooses to invent actions, he must be so good as to invent the actors at the same time. And for Mr. James, we invite him, if he is capable of so subjective an effort, to a few moments of self-reflection. Supposing he, Mr. James the popular novelist, were to find himself displayed in a "three volumes," practising wisdom or practising folly, as the case might be, credited with a book, for instance, which he might or might not like to acknowledge,—what would be his sensations?

He would not be wholly pleased with the writer of such volumes, or admit as a valid defence, that he had been described only as doing what, in such writer's opinion, he was likely to have done. He would call the pretty "fiction" an ugly lie. He would say that he was himself the best judge of what he was "likely" to do in such and such circumstances. In reasonable probability he would indict the gifted author for a libel, and recover substantial damages. Let him consider, then, how it is like to stand with himself in the libel-court up above; and in what coin damages are said to be paid there. The toleration of "historical romance," little as men know it, is a strange evidence of their disbelief in the continued existence of men and women after they pass off out of this world. If the novelists, and for that matter the historians too, had any real idea that the names with which they deal so freely belong to living persons, who will one day call them to account, their pens would run across their paper rather less rapidly.

However, to leave this, we repeat that if it be incredible that the Ruthvens intended to kill the king, so it is incredible that the king intended to murder them. And yet between these interpretations, what third is possible?

Robertson comes to our assistance with a speculation which is ingenious and at first sight plausible.

He links together the threads which connected the Ruthvens with the court of Elizabeth. He observes that the earl's younger brothers found a warm welcome in England after the catastrophe. He mentions, though without giving his authority, that a mysterious English ship-of-war was lying in the Forth during the summer of that year; and he conjectures that Elizabeth, alarmed at James' secret coquetry with Rome and Madrid, had instigated Gowrie, while he was in London, to re-enact the raid of Ruthven, and send the king to her a prisoner. The royal person of James had been taken into irregular custody so many times previously, that no particular respect was attached to it; and with an adequate motive Elizabeth might not impossibly have conceived such an intention. If it had been made clear to her that the true interests (or what she conceived to be such) of the two

countries were put in peril by James' scheming; that it was, on the whole, good that his liberty of doing mischief should be curtailed; she was neither likely herself to have felt scruples on the propriety of laying hands upon him, nor, in the state of Scotland, would there have been much difficulty in persuading an adventurous nobleman to make the attempt. Gowrie, too, was her near kinsman; and if the seizure was to be made respectable, his rank, his Calvinistic leanings, and the tradition of the family, made him a likely person to have been selected as her instrument.

At best, however, this is but a conjecture, unsupported by a particle of evidence; and in the important point of motive it breaks down. Had James been within her reach in his childhood, Elizabeth would doubtless have gladly taken possession of him. The union of the kingdoms was the constant object of the Tudor sovereigns. Their policy was to unite the royal families of the two kingdoms by intermarriage; and to constitute themselves the guardians of the Scotch princes or princesses in their minorities; if possible to bring them up in England, with English sympathies; and either to connect the crowns in a single marriage, as Henry VIII. would have done, if he could have secured Mary for Edward; or when the sovereign of Scotland was heir-presumptive to the English crown, to render his accession easy, by breaking down the barriers of national antipathy. Elizabeth wished to marry Mary to an English nobleman; and afterwards, if she could have had James in London, and trained him as her own child, she would have given him a hold upon English affections, and in no way have injured the respect which the people were to be taught to feel for their future monarch.

But the circumstances were wholly altered at the time of the Gowrie conspiracy. Her long and glorious reign had enabled her to smooth the way for James' succession. Scotchman though he was, and although he had loved to play round the edge of mischief, dipping his fingers in it as deeply as he dared, her authority had sufficed to keep him out of serious embroilments; nor was there real danger from his present trifling. While he remained in Scotland she was able to control him sufficiently. To have carried him off in his mature manhood, when her

own life was so near its inevitable close, would have stirred into activity all the old animosities between the two nations,—would have encumbered her with a captive more embarrassing, if less dangerous, than his mother had been, and would have exhibited her intended successor in the eyes of her subjects as a helpless, contemptible puppet. Elizabeth had experienced sufficient vexation already from a royal prisoner. She was not likely in her old age to invite a similar difficulty, or to undo the labor of years by so blundering a policy.

This explanation, therefore, promises no standing-ground, and we seem to relapse into uncertainty. Nor is the story itself as yet complete. It was followed by a sequel in character with the rest; less important, though it cost another human life, but equally strange, equally vexatious and unsatisfactory.

In the spring of the year 1608, an attorney's clerk, by name Sprot, was reported to have whispered among his friends that the mystery which had so long perplexed every body was no mystery to him; that he, if he chose, could tell all about it. He was arrested; and he affirmed, on his examination before the council, that in the year of the conspiracy he had been a servant to one Logan, laird of Restalrig. In this capacity he had become privy to a correspondence between his master and the Earl of Gowrie, which had been carried on in the summer of 1600. Some of the letters he had contrived to steal; and when produced, they were found to contain the outlines of a plot for seizing the king, and imprisoning him in Fastcastle, a stronghold belonging to Logan. If these letters were genuine, the discovery of them was of course conclusive. There were circumstances about them, however, which made their authenticity more than suspicious. Sprot was known to be an adept at counterfeiting handwriting; he had delayed his confession till Logan's death made a satisfactory investigation impossible; and although he filled out the case with various details, and represented himself in his own person as having been actively guilty in arranging the scheme, the notorious debauchery and worthlessness of Logan's character—(he was a villain of a merely coarse and brutal description)—made it unlikely in a high degree that he would have been selected

as an accomplice in treason by such a man as Gowrie; and the story was not believed.

As the simplest mode of resolving the uncertainty, Sprot was put in the boots; and he then declared that he had lied, and that the letters were written by himself. He still adhered in general, however, to the connection of Logan and Gowrie. There was a true conspiracy, he said, and he had been cognizant of it; and it answered the purposes of the council to accept his statements. He was arraigned and condemned for misprision of treason; and his crushed legs having been repaired sufficiently to enable him to appear on the scaffold, he was executed. A voluntary confession, which brought the maker of it to his end, would usually command some confidence. Under any circumstances, it is entitled to weight. In the present instance, nevertheless, it is remarkable that even the king's friends were not satisfied with their witness. Archbishop Spotswood, in his history, doubts whether he should even mention so improbable a story—regarding it “as a very fiction; and a mere invention of the man's own brains,”—and it seems to have been regarded as one of those diseased confessions into which men are sometimes tempted by an appetite for notoriety, like the acknowledgments of Satanic compacts so often made by unhappy women who died the victims of their vanity.*

Spotswood's rejection of Sprot will justify ours; and once more, therefore, we fall back on the barren narrative; there, if any where, to find the truth. The present writer is not so unwise as to suppose that he can explain a mystery with which contemporaries were perplexed, to whom the persons of the actors and a thousand other circumstances now lost forever were familiarly known; nor will he waste the reader's time with unprofitable guesses which will lead him nowhere. It will be something, however, if we can separate with distinctness what is obscure from what is certain; and looked at carefully, the story will be found to yield, if not its

* Spotswood's History, p. 509. The archbishop was present at Sprot's trial, and also witnessed his death. He made no secret of his incredulity even at the time. “A little before the execution, Mr. John Spotswood, bishop of Glasgow, said to Mr. Patrick Galloway, ‘I am afraid this man will make us all ashamed.’ Mr. Patrick answered, ‘Let alone, my lord; I shall warrant him;’ and, indeed, he had the most part of the speech to him on the scaffold.” Calderwood, vi. p. 780.

full secret, yet some conclusions on which we may rest.

If we run over in our minds the outline of the events of the 5th of August, the chief difficulties will be seen to be two :

First—why did James consent to accompany Alexander Ruthven, without attendants, into a secluded part of Gowrie's house? And second—why was Andrew Henderson placed in the study?

We know, from James' word, that some bitter secret existed between himself and the Ruthvens; he said that he had matter against them to take their lives if he pleased to do it. And when he was once in those lonely galleries, with the doors locked behind him, sudden panic may have led to expressions of distrust, and distrust have led to anger; and when the hot words had once found vent, the remaining tragedy might have followed with the greater ease the less it was premeditated. But what took him into the gallery at all? We will not affront the king's understanding with believing that he was enticed by a pot of gold. The many lies which he certainly told entitle us to disregard his mere word; and, after making all allowance for his necessities and his avarice, we feel that in this point the general scepticism was just. We must reject the story, in the form at least in which it was related by himself. It was not this, but something far different from this, of which Alexander Ruthven spoke to him after his hurried ride from Falkland; and the real business which tempted him was something which he was either ashamed, or, for some other reason, did not venture to confess.

All the circumstances unite to force this conclusion upon us. *There already existed some secret*, we must repeat again and again, to which both brothers were a party. It has occurred to us that this secret may have been connected with Gowrie's reputation as a magician. The room to which James was taken was Gowrie's cabinet. Ruthven may have offered to show him either the philosopher's stone, or the elixir vitæ, or the inscription on the seal of Solomon—some mystic absurdity, or some natural discovery supposed to be mystic, some experiment in which Henderson's assistance may have been required. Something of this kind may easily have excited James' curiosity; while the tremors and sense of guilt with which

the dabbling in these occult matters must have been accompanied would have kept him silent afterwards, and at the time might have agitated him into panic.

Either this it may have been, or one of a thousand other possibilities. But when they crossed the hall, there can, we think, have been no intention, on Ruthven's part, of any act of violence. He may have had questions to ask the king; he may have had expostulations in secret to make to him; but assuming (as we are satisfied that we may assume) the scene in the study to have been accurately described, we are forced to look on it as an unpremeditated accident. We are forced to suppose that *a quarrel took place in the suite of rooms between the hall-staircase and the study-door*, when Henderson first became a witness of the interview. We do not know how long they were in these rooms, or what took place in them; but we observe that, whereas James says that on entering the study he asked if Henderson was the man whom he was brought to see, Henderson himself heard the king use no such words at all; he describes Ruthven's attack as instantaneous, as if it was the consequence of something else immediately antecedent. What, then, was this? A gleam of light is thrown upon it by a passage in a letter of Sir Henry Neville, Lord Gowrie's friend, to Sir Ralph Linwood. Neville was likely to have informed himself carefully on a matter which affected him so nearly. And if he has touched the right clue, we can understand readily why we have so little information on so serious a catastrophe; and why (which otherwise would be inexplicable) the wiser statesmen of both kingdoms have left us no record of their opinions.

Neville's words are these: "Out of Scotland we hear that there is no good agreement, but rather an open dissidence, between the king and his wife; and many are of opinion that the discovery of some affection between her and the Earl of Gowrie's brother, who was killed with him, was the truest cause and motive of that tragedy."

Mr. James has done his best to bring this hint into discredit by the exaggerated use which he has made of it; and it was perhaps nothing more than a contemporary conjecture. If a guess, however, it was one of those happy guesses which explain diff-

culties without involving us in extravagance, and enable us to see how events may have happened without straining the ordinary probabilities of human action. James was jealous of the queen, as the best evidence shows, without just cause. Murray had fallen a victim to his suspicions, and the queen had been slandered. Let us suppose him similarly jealous of young Ruthven, and the subject to have risen between them in these rooms. Ruthven, devoted, not dishonorably, to his mistress, may have spoken freely, as he naturally would speak to a prince whom he despised. The angry words may have leapt to and fro; James, as he never failed to do in his uncourteous insolence, may have touched some delicate and sensitive point of feeling; then, in turn, Ruthven's passion may have brought up before him the injuries of his house; and in a moment of anger he may have seen in the caittif prince who was quaking before him, not a king of Scotland, but a mere miserable human wretch, whose longer life the world could well dispense with.

This is, of course, nothing more than a suggestion of the manner in which the catastrophe may have been caused; yet other probabilities point in the same direction. In the two years which followed, the Ruthven family were the occasion of a standing feud between James and the queen. We find accounts of secret interviews between the latter and the two younger brothers of the Earl of Gowrie, who escaped to England.

In 1603 Beatrice Ruthven, who had been sent away from court, was secretly brought into the palace at midnight, and state-secrets of grave importance communicated to her: the queen and the Ruthvens formed a party on one side, and James on the other. Such incidents are slight in themselves, but they are indicative of a tissue of circumstances underneath the texture which was presented to the world. The genuine picture was painted over with a poor daub, and only here and there the original forms and colors become visible.

Finally, Sir Henry Neville's conjecture will explain what otherwise it is hard to account for, — Elizabeth's outward acquiescence in James' story. Gowrie was as near of kin to her as James himself; and the interest which she exhibited in the exiled family, if it does not disprove her belief in the guilt of Gowrie and his brother, was held to show at the time that she gave but dubious credit to it. But she probably felt that an investigation might compromise important interests; that the secure succession of the Scotch prince was the only visible means by which the union of the kingdoms could be effected; and that it was better not to press an inquiry which might exhibit James in a light too contemptible to be endured. We may satisfy ourselves, perhaps, that she acquitted him of intentional crime. His folly, miserable as it seemed, was not too great for England to bear in consideration of the benefits which he would bring with him.

"THE ROGUE'S MARCH." — Can any correspondent inform me where the above march can be met with?

[The music of the "Rogue's March" is given in Chappell's *Collection of National Airs*, tune 29, p. 15. Mr. Chappell, in a note, says: "Why so graceful and pastoral a melody as this should have been condemned to be the *Cantio in exitu* of deserters and reprobates who are to be drummed out of the regiments, is not easily to be accounted for; but such is the case, and has been for centuries." Many songs have been written to this air, among others, one terminating in each verse with 'You mustn't sham Abraham Newland.'"]

— *Notes and Queries.*

ERYSIPELAS. — Why called St. Antony's Fire?

A. A. D.

[A note in the life of St. Antony, in Alban Butler's *Lives* (Jan. 17th), explains the origin of the name: — "In 1809, a pestilential ery-

sipelas distemper called the Sacred Fire, swept off great numbers in most provinces of France; public prayers and processions were ordered against the scourge. At length it pleased God to grant many miraculous cures of this dreadful distemper, to those who implored his mercy through the intercession of St. Antony, especially before his relics; the church in which they were deposited was resorted to by great numbers of pilgrims, and his patronage was implored over the whole kingdom against this disease."]

— *Notes and Queries.*

CHEWING THE CUD. — It is I believe a well-known fact that all ruminating animals when they rise from the ground begin that operation by raising their hind legs; this is the case with oxen and sheep. I should wish to ask any scientific correspondent on such subjects whether there is any cause connected with the structure of their stomachs which renders this necessary?

— *Notes and Queries.*

From The New York Journal of Commerce.

WOMEN VS. SEWING-MACHINES.

WOMEN are not yet wholly superseded, being extremely useful, in their appropriate place,—in fact, absolutely indispensable; yet the improvement attempted in the Sewing-Machine has exerted an important influence upon her social state. Besides, this machine, though of but five years' existence, has effected great mechanical results. As an invention, it has arrived at a rare degree of success, and this fact, in connection with the circumstance that but a small capital is required, while the machines are sold at a profit of 100 to 200 per cent., has been the occasion of fierce competition and protracted litigation, in which the financial resources of many have been severely tried. Not a few, either from want of tact and energy or on account of the worthlessness of their inventions, have entirely disappeared from the arena of trade, "leaving no trace behind," save the wreck of fortune.

The sewing-machine is being introduced into general use with a rapidity of which few have any conception. We have a number of large factories in operation, exclusively engaged in their manufacture, each employing several hundred men, and in several instances, are unable to fill the orders pressing upon them. This circumstance may be peculiar to this season of the year, when preparation for winter requires the manufacture of an increased number of garments; yet the demand is of such a character that all the principal establishments are either erecting enlarged buildings or are adopting other expedients for the extension of their work! The sewing-machine has already been introduced to such an extent that some calculation may be made of its effect, as a social element. It was predicted that its use would bear with peculiar hardship upon the sewing-girl, whose oppressed condition has long excited the sympathies of the philanthropic; but it is evident this has not been the result, and the strong prejudice which for several years resisted the introduction of the sewing-machine, has been gradually overcome. The following incident, which occurred about four years ago, is related by Singer, and shows the nature of the resistance then experienced: "We were sitting in our office one pleasant afternoon, when a tall lady dressed in black entered, and with rapid

step advanced to the sewing-machine on exhibition. 'Are you,' she asked, 'the inventor of this machine?' 'I am,' was the reply. 'Then,' she rejoined, with a fierce expression, 'you ought to be hung!' Having delivered herself of this opinion, she abruptly left the office." Hardship may result in some instances from the substitution of this instrument for hand-labor, but it is no doubt destined to confer a lasting benefit; its advantages are circumscribed to no particular class, and are unlimited in their application. With occasional slight modifications, with a view to more complete adaptation, the machine works its way among different classes of tradesmen.

There are now three firms which manufacture on an average 2,000 machines in a year, and eight or ten, in all, that are well established. Many other parties are experimenting, with various success. Singer is the only firm which manufactures in this city. He employs about 200 men. Wheeler & Wilson manufacture in Bridgeport, on an extensive scale, having recently removed from Watertown, N. Y., and purchased Jerome's clock factory, for about \$30,000, which is being fitted up with machinery for the employment of at least 100 hands. Grover & Baker, another firm of some note, are erecting a building in Boston 200 feet in length and five stories high, which will employ about 200 men, with room for expansion, as business increases. The system of making the several parts in each instrument exactly correspond with similar parts in any other, so prevalent in gun-making, is being imitated in this department of mechanics.

Sewing-machines are very extensively used by manufacturers. Douglass & Sherwood, manufacturers of ladies' skirts, in Broadway, have not less than 150 machines, costing \$15,000, which is believed to be the largest number anywhere employed, by a single firm. Each one is calculated to do the work of ten ordinary sewers. The uses to which they are employed is exceedingly curious; and persons of an inquisitive disposition, who are not satisfied to judge simply by external appearances, may derive much satisfaction from the opportunity here afforded for minute investigation and scientific research. Three hundred hands are employed, and the execution done may be

inferred from the following statistics:—There are cut up weekly 275 pieces of muslin, or 143,000 per year; ditto 2,000 pounds of jute cord, or 104,000 per year; 600 dozen of spool cotton per week, or 31,200 dozen per year. For the single item of round whalebone (boiled in oil and perfectly flexible), the enormous sum of \$6,000 is paid, every week. Besides, there are 25 looms in the city constantly employed in the manufacture of hair cloth, for the inflation of ladies' garments, making 3,000 yards per week, and 100 looms engaged on other fabrics. With these facilities, the force employed turn out three thousand skirts per day, exclusive of woolen goods! Piled up in the lofts of the factory, they form a barricade almost as formidable, for dimensions, as Gen. Jackson's cotton bales. It is to be hoped that this department of enterprise may meet with such encouragement that the cumbrous materials formerly in use, with such destructive physical effects, (according to medical testimony), may become obsolete. The new skirt, for which the sewing-machine is doing such wonders, weighs but four ounces and a half.

Another subject worthy of notice is the great improvement which has taken place in the quality of sewing silk, twist, thread, &c., made necessary by the rapid and accurate movement of the sewing-machine. We now produce thread in this country which far exceeds any of foreign importation, in strength and evenness of texture. If the foreign and domestic are looped together and jerked asunder, the former, even of the best descriptions, has been found to yield in the greatest number of instances. Several thread factories have recently been started, or are contemplated, to meet the increased demands. The Willimantic Manufacturing Co. is extensively engaged, and the works are in course

of enlargement. There is a large silk factory in Florence, Mass., the annual sales of which are now estimated at \$100,000, and another at Newark, N. J., is doing a large business.

The celerity of the sewing-machine in its various movements is almost incredible! Woman's powers, whatever their cultivation, are unable to compete, either in rapidity, precision or finish. From 1,000 to 2,000 stitches per minute, according to the description of work, is not unusual. On shirt-bosoms, the number per minute is about 1,500; in cording and binding umbrellas, 2,000. Full one-half of the machines now made are sold to the laborious class of people known as needle-women, sewing-girls and employees in manufacturing concerns; though very many are made for family sewing, several families often uniting in the purchase of a machine and passing it around, as needed. As some instruction is desirable, there are places on Broadway where ladies gather each day to receive lessons, and among them are often seen those of affluence and the highest respectability. Sometimes a woman buys a machine, for gaiter work, for instance; hires female fitters in sufficient number to keep her constantly employed, and pays them \$4 or \$5 per week, often leaving a handsome profit. A woman has been known to make as high as \$60 per week, with two fitters.

Sewing-machines are getting to be extensively employed in making mantillas, hat and cap making, &c. Machinery has already done much to emancipate men from exhausting toil—has developed the industrial arts and quickened the wheels of commerce,—so that, instead of depriving the laborer of his means of support, he is only enabled to apply his powers to the greatest advantage. The sewing-machine promises permanent relief to the wearisome bondage of the needle-women.

DOGS AND CHURCHES.—Much has been said about the dog-whipper, which office, judging from the rare visitations of the canine species to our churches in the present day, would lead to the inference that the post was a sinecure. Not so, however; for I find that the eccentric Robert Poole, in twelve heads of advice to *Minors*, shows the prevalence of the nuisance in 1784 by giving the prominence of the 3rd to the following:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,

and carefully attend the worship of God! but bring no Dogs with you to church; those Christians surely don't consider where they are going when they bring Dogs with them to the Assembly of Divine Worship; disturbing the Congregation by their Noise and Clamour. Be thou careful, *I say*, of this Scandalous Thing, which all ought to be devised against as indecent."—*A Choice Drop of Seraphic Love*, 1784.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers' Journal.

BROWN'S AMANUENSIS.

BROWN was a magazine-writer, of what is sometimes called the fast school. His were the veriest bubbles of the current literature of the day, the merest froth of the trifles which are skimmed rather than read by the busy world of pleasure. He touched—I borrow the beautiful language of a fashionable reviewer—he touched the passing follies of the day with a light and facile pen, and people smirked over his articles in a manner pleasant to witness. My opinion is, that his abilities were—in short, were not first-rate, but he used them very ably. He never wrote in men's language for a lady's magazine, and never threw away the delicate wit which suited its pages upon the middle-aged gentlemen who prefer scandal and satire.

To the world of periodicals, Brown was known as a rising comic writer, while to himself, he was a man of crushed ambition and rejected manuscripts. In a drawer of his writing-table, under a Chubb's lock, were a treatise on ethics, several pamphlets on political and financial questions, a biography of the poet Mason—unduly neglected now, but who flourished a good deal in the last century—and, lastly, a history of Nova Zembla, with an account of the climate and productions of that isolated region. These several manuscripts were brought into existence when Mr. Brown first came to London. While he had money he wrote what he pleased; when he had not, he had the good sense (and good-fortune) to write what pleased the public. The result was, that he was in a fair way of doing well in his line of business.

But Brown was, unhappily, rather of a restless temper. "I'll be a butterfly," he said to himself, after he had hawked his ethics from west to east and back again; and for some months he labored with fair success in the field of the lightest literature, and got his bread and butter by it, and amused himself in his leisure hours like any other young gentleman. It must be observed, however, that he never lost that lofty opinion of his own talents which had formerly stimulated his efforts, and he was on the look-out for a subject on which he might build a great work of fiction. "Fiction," he said to himself, "is the thing.

If I could only get hold of a plot, a real plot, I would write a romance which should commence a new era in the literature of this country."

So Brown was accustomed to meditate; but it was not until very recently that anything came of it. It was after reading of important events taking place in Spain, that he determined to lay his scene there. Spain was the land of romance; his characters should be the men now swaying its destinies, his time the present day. "I will read up the history," he said; "and with *Gil Blas*, Mr. Borrow, and the *Tales of the Alhambra*, I think something may be done." Familiarity with modern Spanish customs was, however, indispensable, and Brown's knowledge of that subject was limited. Fortunately, information, like any other article, can be obtained readily in London by those who can pay for it, and after ten minutes' reflection, which was as much as he now devoted to any question, Brown sent the following advertisement for insertion in the *Times* :—

Amanuensis Wanted.—The Applicant will be required to have recently travelled or resided in Spain. Remuneration according to qualifications. Apply to B. B., 99 Hampstead Road.

Brown had certain literary engagements which it was necessary to fulfil in a given time, and he set himself busily to work to get rid of these as soon as possible. To this end he shunned amusements, public and private, retired into the solitude of his apartments, and requested the prim maid-servant who attended at his call to receive all visitors with the assertion that he was out of town. In consequence of these arrangements, he was enabled to produce in the course of the day a great deal of what printers call "copy"—a name which, in the present state of literature, is frequently correct in more senses than one.

On the morning when the advertisement appeared, Brown was seated at work as usual, and had just completed a philosophical paper "On the Diminished Diameter of Ladies' Hats," when the maid-servant, fresh from the country, opened the door.

"If you please, sir"—

"Well," said Brown mildly.

"There's a lady down stairs, and she wants you, sir."

Now Brown was not accustomed to receive visits from ladies, and the announcement caused him some little surprise; but he was not curious, and desired quiet. So he replied: "She wants me, does she? I am very sorry, but she can't have me. Tell her so, Sarah, if you please."

"O, sir, you're such a funny gentleman," Sarah said, and lingered.

"That's how I pay my rent, Sarah," replied Brown. "Remember, in future, that I am out of town to everybody."

"Please sir, it's B. B. she wants," the girl persisted, who had received special directions as to answers to the advertisement.

"Eh! a lady? Show her up." And Brown hastily threw off his dressing-gown, and assumed a garment somewhat less variegated. "Odd," thought he—"decidedly;" and he seated himself in his chair to await the result. A light step was heard on the staircase, and the lady, who had sent no card, entered the room. Brown turned, and rose to offer her a chair, but paused suddenly without doing so. The visitor was equally embarrassed, and the silence endured until you have read the next paragraph. Brown paused; because instead of the middle-aged lady, with a British Museum complexion, whom he had expected to see, there stood before him a young girl, whose age could not have been more than twenty, and whose beauty was enhanced by the deep blush which rose to her downcast eyes.

Brown first recovered himself, I am happy to say; and having got hold of a chair, he jerked it rather nervously on to the ground, and said something about doing him the honor to be seated.

"I fear, sir, there is some mistake." The voice was a very sweet one, as, indeed, it could not help being, Brown thought.

"You wished me to make some inquiry about my advertisement," he said, with some hesitation.

"Then you are B. B.?"

"I am B. B., madam."

The visitor rose, and, bowing her head to him, said: "I must apologize for having intruded upon you, and beg you to excuse the mistake which—which has caused this visit;" and she moved towards the door.

"I beg your pardon," Brown said hastily. "One moment. Will you be kind enough to explain"—

"Pray, do not ask me, sir;" and again she turned to the door. Brown was by no means satisfied.

"I have no right to detain you: but if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do me the pleasure of saying so." It will be observed that Brown's language was remarkably polished—a trait on which he prided himself.

"It is impossible," she said, looking up at him; and perhaps seeing something honest about his face, she continued: "I saw the advertisement, which seemed so well suited to me, that I hoped it might be from a lady, or some one who—who could have accepted my services."

"I should be most happy," Brown began. She shook her head, and replied, now without embarrassment:

"I was mistaken."

"You have been in Spain?" Brown asked.

"I have only just returned from there."

"I cannot, of course, press upon you anything to which you have an objection; but if you will permit me, it may be possible to arrange the matter in a way which will overcome any difficulty."

She looked up, and Brown was encouraged to proceed.

"The assistance I require may be rendered at your own house, if such an arrangement would suit you."

For a moment she looked as if it would, but glancing once more at Brown, she seemed to take another resolution, and wishing him good-day rather abruptly, she disappeared down the stairs. Brown is considered—by some people—a very handsome fellow; but whether that had anything to do with frightening her away, I must leave the ladies to determine.

Brown jumped up, and stepped to the window, which commanded a small strip of garden in front of the house. "Very odd!—no name—no nothing! There she goes! Very pretty figure!—awful shabby bonnet!" Such was the turn of his thoughts while the shabby bonnet moved along the garden-wall and disappeared. Then he suddenly put on his hat, and followed it a distance.

He admitted to himself that this was an absurd thing to do, and thought he would go back sensibly: then, as the bonnet passed

round a corner, he quickened his steps, and meditated no more till he caught sight of it again. The bonnet passed round a great many corners, and hurried along at a speed which surprised him, leading him through dingy and narrow streets, and disappearing at length up a court, which seemed to be a playground for the children of the neighborhood.

The door of one of the houses stood open, and Brown perceived a woman seated at work in a room, on the ground-floor. Walking over some children who were strewn about the steps, he entered the room, and took his stand beside a cradle, while he addressed the mistress of the apartment. Did a young lady wearing so and so lodge there? She did — on the third floor back. The bell was broken, and he had better walk up.

Bashfulness had ceased to be one of Brown's failings, but yet he hesitated considerably at the door which was pointed out to him. At length he knocked nervously, and being told to "come in," did so.

It was a little sitting-room, the walls of which still retained some vestige of a dingy paper, which had once covered them. There were two chairs and two small tables, and a portrait of Her Majesty over the chimney-piece. A quantity of needle-work lay scattered about the room, which, in spite of its poor appearance, was clean, and even fragrant, for a large pot of mignonette stood outside the open window. A pale withered-looking woman sat in one of the chairs, propped up by cushions, and the object of Brown's impertinent inquiries stood near the window, looking at the intruder with great indignation.

Their story may be told in a very few lines. The elder lady, a widow, had supported herself for several years in a small shop, while her daughter, who in early life had been under the care of good masters, had accompanied a family to Spain, as governess. At length the widow fell into bad health, and being unable to attend to her little shop, was soon reduced to a condition of utter poverty, on which the daughter at once quitted her situation, and, under the protection of a family of tourists, returned to England. She could do little for her mother's support without again leaving

her, a course which both were most anxious to avoid; and thus it happened that she had been attracted by the advertisement in the *Times*, lent her by a neighbor.

Brown learned half of this story in a glance round the room, and was encouraged to persevere. He introduced himself to the elder lady, and exerted himself to the utmost to remove the unfavorable impression he had produced. She received him with a politeness which at once put him at his ease, and gradually the daughter was induced to join in the conversation. What may have been said, I do not know, but the interview lasted for at least half an hour, and from that time Brown became a frequent visitor.

Somewhere under the shadow of the Wrekin in Shropshire, there lives a Mr. Silas Brown, a retired medical practitioner, a bachelor, and Brown's uncle. When our Brown was a boy, his uncle Silas took a fancy to him, and even went so far as to buy a small piece of ground in his name in an improving neighborhood. Brown had always shown a proper sense of his uncle's generosity, though hitherto he had not derived any advantage from it, for the old gentleman persisted in retaining the property, and acting as trustee. He had worked his way up without help, and he was determined that his nephew should do the same. It was a fine thing for a young man. Besides, by keeping down the boy's income, he would be prevented from making some foolish marriage — a term which Silas Brown was used to apply to marriage under any circumstances.

About three months after the adventure of the advertisement, the old gentleman was startled by a letter from his nephew, in which the latter for the first time alluded rather pointedly to "those three acres by the new church."

"You have always told me, my dear uncle" — so ran the letter — "to consider this land as my own. I have no right to presume upon your kindness, but I should be very glad if you would allow me to derive some immediate advantage from it. The fact is, that I am engaged upon a work — scene laid in Spain — from which I hope great things, and I am compelled in consequence to keep an amanuensis, which is very expensive."

The elder Mr. Brown read this letter with

a doubtful expression of face. "Great work, indeed!" he said to himself. "*Chateau en Espagne!* I'll go to London, and see what that boy's doing." And therefore Mr. Brown wrote no reply to the letter, but he presented himself a few days afterwards at 99 Hampstead Road.

"Out of town!—nonsense, my good girl," the old gentleman said to Sarah, who vainly attempted to oppose his entrance. "This is the room, I think?" and he walked in without further ceremony. His face grew absolutely purple as he did so; for there was his nephew seated at a table busily writing, and opposite to him was a young lady, very simply dressed, but very good-looking.

"Well, sir!" he exclaimed, in a tone by no means pleasant.

Brown, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, shook his uncle's unwilling hand, and pressed him into a chair. As to the young lady, she blushed considerably, and seemed anxious to run away.

"Pray, sir, is this your—your amanuensis?"

Poor Brown hesitated, and at length said: "Yes, sir."

"What!" the old gentleman said in a tone so menacing, that Brown thought it best to lead the young lady out of the room, whispering to her some reassuring words.

The old gentleman wiped his brow. "John, I can't tell you how grieved I am at what I have seen to-day. That you should be so lost, not only to principle, but even to ordinary propriety!"

"My dear uncle, what do you mean?"

"Mean?—why, you won't persist in the story of that young person being your amanuensis? What is she doing here, sir?"

"It's all over with the three acres," Brown thought. "I must tell him."

"I admit, sir, that I have practised some little deception upon you, and yet I told the truth."

"Eh?"

"I mean that that lady is indeed my amanuensis, but that she is also!"

"Well, sir?"

"My wife."

"Now it's all over," Brown said to himself. His uncle was evidently taken by surprise. He threw himself back in his chair, and drawing out his snuff-box, helped himself to several pinches successively. At

last he spoke in a much calmer tone, and said gravely: "I am very glad to hear it."

Brown would have been ill fitted for his position as a comic writer if he had not possessed a profound knowledge of human nature. Thought he, this is the proper time to say nothing. In dealing with one's relations, there is the great advantage of knowing that *their* hearts are in the right place, whatever may be the case with the rest of the world. Uncle Silas is one of the family, and he'll come round by degrees.

Uncle Silas might or might not be coming round, but in the meantime he sat in profound silence, using his snuff-box at intervals. At last he spoke.

"John, I have been mistaken in you. Don't suppose that I object to marriage; on the contrary, I approve of it when undertaken prudently—not otherwise. Yours has been most imprudent. Not only that, sir, but you have been guilty of a deception which is unmanly and disgraceful."

Brown felt the truth of this, and showed it in his face.

"For that, sir, I have to beg your pardon."

"Humph!" said his uncle.

"But as regards the imprudence of my marriage, sir, consider that I live by writing light articles for the magazines."

"Pretty business it is to support a wife!"

"And consider the advantage one derives in such work from the graceful fancy and admirable taste of a woman. How many writers enjoy a reputation which has been chiefly earned by their wives? When you hear of Mr. A., author of *So-and-So*, you may not suspect how much Mrs. A. had to do with that celebrated work; how she pointed A.'s dialogue for him, and managed his love-scenes, and helped him with an idea when his plot got into inextricable confusion. And then, sir, my case!"

"I don't want to hear any more, John. Remember, I am not in a passion; I am not angry, mind; but I shall leave it to time to show whether you have acted prudently or not. Don't attempt to argue: I consider that by deceiving me, you have forfeited any claim you had upon me;" and Mr. Brown took up his hat, as if with the intention of leaving the house.

"If by claim you mean money, sir, I can do without it; but I am sorry, indeed, to have lost your good opinion. Still!"

"You would do it again in the same way, I suppose;"

Brown hesitated. "After all," he thought "I have done no wrong; why should I speak like a criminal?"

"Well, perhaps I would; but I assure you" — He stopped, for his uncle had dashed his hat on to the table, and scattered Brown's card-basket to the four winds.

"Very well, sir," the old gentleman said; "I see how it is. You know how valuable the land now is, and you know, too, that it was bought in your name. You are of age, sir, and may set your old uncle at defiance."

"You do me great injustice," Brown said, and repeated the same thing several times, while Mr. Silas promenaded the hearth-rug, with one hand behind him, and the other firmly grasping his snuff-box. Presently, the snuff-box disappeared into one pocket, and out of another came a paper of a discolored legal appearance, which also descended violently upon the card-basket.

"There is the title to the land. You will find it all in form, and so good-morning to you." And Mr. Silas caught up his hat, brushed past his nephew, and walked at a tremendous pace down the garden-walk.

Brown, I regret to say, was not remarkable for decision of character. He stood gazing stupidly at the paper on the table, while a person glided gently into the room, laid a little white hand upon his shoulder, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"What's the matter, dear?"

Brown collected his thoughts and explained that the dirty piece of paper was the title to the land which his uncle had bought for him in the days of yore, and now regretted his generosity.

"Of course, you will not accept a repented benevolence?"

"What am I to do? It is a more puzzling affair than you think. If my uncle cannot, and I will not make use of the property, the thing will be neutralized."

"But you can thank your uncle for his gift, and then go to your man of business, and restore the gift by means of transfer."

"That's the very thing! I'll get Cramp to do it for me; he lives at the bottom of

the hill;" and Brown seized the paper and hastily quitted the house. "Mrs. Brown — I have great pleasure in giving her proper title — went to the window, whence by straining her eyes she could command a view of the lawyer's door.

Meanwhile Mr. Silas Brown, who had taken the same direction, had slackened his pace considerably, and she saw her husband overtake his uncle, and address him once more. The old gentleman appeared to listen without any further attempt to escape: the snuff-box being again put into requisition. At length they reached the lawyer's house, and entered it together.

The bright eyes at the window grew dim, as their owner thought that for her sake Brown had quarrelled with his relations and destroyed his future prospects; so dim were they, that she did not at first see that the two persons who after a few moments quitted the lawyer's house, arm in arm, were her husband and his uncle: yet so it was. Mr. Silas Brown could not maintain his position against his nephew's new mode of attack; for if there was one thing more calculated than another to please him, it was that spirit of manly independence which Brown had exhibited.

The bright eyes looked brighter than ever when Mr. Silas entered the house with his nephew and took her by the hand gravely, but kindly. What were his impressions of the bride may be conceived from the following remarkable speech which fell from his lips, as he kissed her forehead:

"If my nephew has acted without my permission, I see here the best excuse he could offer."

Some days afterwards, when Brown, in the exuberance of his joy, related these circumstances to an intimate friend — the present writer in point of fact — he made a tremendous bull, which, as some people persist in thinking him clever, I shall put on record.

"It was a very good thing my uncle was one of the family," he said, "otherwise I don't think he would ever have come round."

CHAPTER XXV.

A DUKE AND HIS MINISTER.

In this age of the world, when everybody has been everywhere, seen everything, and talked with everybody, it may savor of an impertinence if we ask of our reader if he has ever been at Massa. It may so chance that he has not, and if so, as assuredly has he yet an untasted pleasure before him.

Now, to be sure, Massa is not as it once was. The little Duchy, whose capital it formed, has been united to a larger state. The distinctive features of a metropolis, and the residence of a sovereign Prince, are gone. The life, and stir, and animation which surround a Court have subsided; grass-grown streets and deserted squares replace the busy movement of former days; a dreary weariness seems to have fallen over every one, as though life offered no more prizes for exertion, and that the day of her ambition was set forever. Yet are there features about the spot which all the chances and changes of political fortune cannot touch. Dynasties may fall, and thrones crumble, but the eternal Apennines will still rear their snow-clad summits towards the sky. Along the vast plain of ancient olives, the perfumed wind will still steal at evening, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean splash lazily among the rocks, over which the myrtle and the arbutus are hanging. There, amidst them all, half hid in clustering vines, bathed in soft odors from orange groves, with plashing fountains glittering in the sun, and foaming streams gushing from the sides of marble mountains, there stands Massa—ruined, decayed, and deserted; but beautiful in all its desolation, and fairer to gaze on than many a scene where the tide of human fortune is at the flood.

As you wonder there now, passing the deep arch over which, hundreds of feet above you, the ancient fortress frowns, and enter the silent streets, you would find it somewhat difficult to believe how, a very few years back, this was the brilliant residence of a Court, the gay resort of strangers from every land of Europe, that showy equipages traversed these weed-grown squares, and high-born dames swept proudly beneath these leafy alleys. Hard indeed to fancy the glittering throng of courtiers, the merry laughter of light-hearted beauty, beneath these trellised shades, where, moodily and slow, some solitary figure now steals along, "pondering sad thoughts over the by-gone."

But a few—a very few years ago, and Massa was in the plenitude of its prosperity. The revenues of the state were large, more than sufficient to have maintained all that such a city could require, and nearly enough

to gratify every caprice of a Prince whose costly tastes ranged over every theme, and found in each a pretext for reckless expenditure. He was one of those men whom nature, having gifted largely, takes out the compensation by a disposition of instability and fickleness that renders every acquirement valueless. He could have been anything— orator, poet, artist, soldier, statesman; and yet, in the very diversity of his abilities, there was that want of fixity of purpose, that left him ever short of success, till he himself, wearied by repeated failures, distrusted his own powers, and ceased to exert them.

Such a man, under the hard pressure of a necessity, might have done great things; as it was, born to a princely station, and with a vast fortune, he became a reckless spendthrift—a dreary visionary at one time, an enthusiastic dilettante at another. There was not a scheme of government he had not eagerly embraced and abandoned in turn. He had attached to his little capital all that Europe could boast of artistic excellence, and as suddenly he had thrown himself into the most intolerant zeal of Papal persecution—denouncing every species of pleasure, and ordaining a more than monastic self-denial and strictness. There was only one mode of calculating what he might do, which was, by imagining the very opposite to what he then was. Extremes were his delight, and he undulated between Austrian tyranny and democratic licentiousness in politics; just as he vacillated between the darkest bigotry of his church and open infidelity.

At the time when we desire to present him to our readers (the exact year is not material), he was fast beginning to weary of an interregnum of asceticism and severity. He had closed theatres and suppressed all public rejoicings; and for an entire winter he had sentenced his faithful subjects to the unbroken sway of the Priest and the Friar,—a species of rule which had banished all strangers from the Duchy; and threatened, by the injury to trade, the direst consequences to the capital. To have brought the question formally before him in all its details, would have ensured the downfall of any minister rash enough for such daring. There was, indeed, but one man about the court who had courage for the enterprise; and to him we would devote a few lines as we pass. He was an Englishman, named Stubber; he had originally come out to Italy with horses for his Highness; and been induced, by good offers of employment, to remain. He was not exactly stable-groom, nor trainer, nor was he of the dignity of master of the stables; but he was something whose attributes included a little of all and something more. One thing he assuredly was: a consummately

clever fellow, who could apply all his native Yorkshire shrewdness to a new sphere; and make of his homespun faculties the keen intelligence by which he could guide himself in novel and difficult circumstances.

A certain freedom of speech, with a bold hardihood of character, based, it is true, upon a conscious sense of honor, had brought him more than once under the notice of the Prince. His Highness felt such pleasure in the outspoken frankness of the man, that he frequently took opportunities of conversing with him, and even asking his advice. Never deterred by the subject, whatever it was, Stubber spoke out his mind, and by the very force of strong native sense, and an unwavering power of determination, soon impressed his master that his best counsels were to be had from the Yorkshire jockey, and not from the decorated and cordoned throng who filled the anti-chambers.

To elevate the groom to the rank of personal attendant; to create him a Chevalier and then a Count, were all easy steps to such a Prince. At the time we speak of, Stubber was chief of the cabinet—the trusted adviser of his master in the knottiest questions of foreign politics—the arbiter of the most difficult questions with other states, the highest authority in home affairs, and the absolute ruler over the Duke's household, and all who belonged to it. He was one of those men of action who speedily distinguish themselves wherever the game of life is being played; smart to discern the character of those around him—prompt to avail himself of their knowledge—little hampered by the scruples which conventionalities impose on men bred in a higher station—he generally attained his object before others had arranged their plans to oppose him. To these qualities he added a rugged, unflinching honesty, and a loyal attachment to the person of his Prince. Strong in his own conscious rectitude, and in the confiding regard of his sovereign, Stubber stood alone against all the wiles and machinations of his formidable rivals.

Were we giving a history of this curious court and its intrigues, we could relate some strange stories of the mechanism by which states are ruled. We have, however, no other business with the subject than as it enters into the domain of our own story, and to this we return.

It was a calm evening of the early autumn, as the prince, accompanied by Stubber alone, and unattended by even a groom, rode along one of the alleys of the olive wood which skirts the sea shore beneath Massa. His Highness was unusually moody and thoughtful, and as he sauntered carelessly along,

seemed scarcely to notice the objects about him.

"What month are we in, Stubber?" asked he at length.

"September, Altezza," was the short reply.

"Per Bacco! so it is, and in this very month we were to have been in Bohemia with the Arch-duke Stephen—the best shooting in all Europe and the largest stock of peasants in the whole world perhaps; and I, that love field sports as no man ever loved them! Eh, Stubber!" and he turned abruptly around to seek a confirmation of what he asserted. Either Stubber did not fully agree in the judgment, or did not deem it necessary to record his concurrence, but the prince was obliged to reiterate his statement, adding, "I might say, indeed, it is the one solitary dissipation I have ever permitted myself."

Now this was a stereotyped phrase of his highness, and employed by him respecting music, literature, field sports, picture-buying, equipage, play, and a number of other pursuits not quite so pardonable, in each of which, for the time, his zeal would seem to be exclusive.

A scarcely audible ejaculation, a something like a grunt from Stubber, was the only assent to this proposition.

"And here I am," added the prince testily, "the only man of my rank in Europe perhaps, without society, amusement, or pleasure, condemned to the wearisome details of a petty administration, and actually a slave—yes, sir—I say, a slave. What the deuce is this? My horse is sinking above his pasterns. Where are we, Stubber?" and with a vigorous dash of the spurs he extricated himself from the deep ground.

"I often told your Highness that these lands were ruined for want of drainage. You may remark how poor the trees are along here; the fruit, too, is all deteriorated—all for want of a little skill and industry; and if your Highness remarked the appearance of the people in that village, every second man has the ague on him."

"They did look very wretched, and why is it not drained? Why is n't everything done as it ought, Stubber? Eh?"

"Why is n't your Highness in Bohemia?"

"Want of means, my good Stubber; no money; my man, Landetti, tells me the coffer is empty, and until this new tax on the Colza comes in, we shall have to live on our credit, or our wits—I forget which, but I conclude they are about equally productive."

"Landetti is a ladro," said Stubber "He has money enough to build a new wing to

his chateau in Senarizza, and to give fifty thousand scudi of fortune to his daughter, though he can't afford your Highness the common necessities of your station."

"Per Bacco! Billy, you are right; you must look into these accounts yourself. They always confuse me."

"I have looked into them, and your Highness shall have two hundred thousand francs to-morrow on your dressing table, and as much more within the week."

"Well done, Billy; you are the only fellow who can unmask these rogues. If I had only had you with me long ago! Well! well! well! it is too late to think of now. What shall we do with this money? Bohemia is out of the question now. Shall we rebuild the San Felice? It is really too small; the stage is crowded with twenty people on it. There's that gate towards Carrara—when is it to be completed?—there's a figure wanted for the centre pedestal. As for the fountain, it must be done by the municipality. It is essentially the interest of the townspeople. You'd advise me to spend the money in draining these low lands, or in a grant to that new company for a pier at Marino; but I'll not; I have other thoughts in my head. Why should not this be the centre of art to the whole Peninsula? Carrara is a city of sculptors. Why not concentrate their efforts here—by a gallery? I have myself some glorious things—the best group Canova ever modelled—the original Ariadne, too—far finer than the thing people go to see at Frankfort. Then there's Tanderini's Shepherd with the Goats. Who lives yonder, Stubber? What a beautiful garden it is!" And he drew up short in front of a villa, whose grounds were terraced in a succession of gardens, down to the very margin of the sea. Plants and shrubs of other climates were mingled with those familiar to Italy, making up a picture of singular beauty, by diversity of color and foliage. "Isn't this the 'Ombretta,' Stubber?"

"Yes, Altezza; but the Morelli have left it. It is set now to a stranger—a French lady. Some call her English, I believe."

"To be sure; I remember. There was a demand about a formal permission to reside here. Landetti advised me not to sign it—that she might turn out English, or have some claim upon England, which was quite equivalent to placing the Duchy, and all within it, under that blessed thing they call British protection."

"There are worse things than even that," muttered Stubber.

"British occupation perhaps you mean; well, you may be right. At all events, I did not take Landetti's advice, for I gave

the permission, and I have never heard more of her. She must be rich, I take it. See what order this place is kept in; that conservatory is very large indeed, and the orange trees are finer than ours."

"They seem very fine, indeed," said Stubber.

"I say, sir, that we have none such at the Palace. I'll wager a zecchino they have come from Naples; and look at that magnolia. I tell you, Stubber, this garden is very far superior to ours."

"Your Highness has not been in the Palace gardens lately, perhaps. I was there this morning, and they are really in admirable order."

"I'll have a peep inside of these grounds, Stubber," said the Duke, who, no longer attentive to the other, only followed out his own train of thought. At the same instant he dismounted, and without giving himself any trouble about his horse, made straight for a small wicket which lay invitingly open in front of him. The narrow skirting of copse passed, the Duke at once found himself in the midst of a lovely garden, laid out with consummate skill and taste, and offering at intervals the most beautiful views of the surrounding scenery. Although much of what he beheld around him was the work of many years, there were abundant traces of innovation and improvement. Some of the statues were recently placed, and a small temple of Grecian architecture seemed to have been just restored. A heavy curtain hung across the doorway; drawing back which, the Duke entered what he at once perceived to be a sculptor's studio. Casts and models lay carelessly about, and a newly-begun group stood enshrouded in the wetted drapery with which artists clothe their unfinished labors. No mean artist himself, the Duke examined critically the figures before him, nor was he long in perceiving that the artist had committed more than one fault in drawing and proportion. "This is amateur work," said he to himself, "and yet not without cleverness and a touch of genius too. Your dilettante scorns anatomy, and will not submit to drudgery; hence, here are muscles incorrectly developed, and their action ill expressed." So saying, he sat down before the model, and taking up one of the tools at his side, began to correct some of the errors in the work. It was exactly the kind of task for which his skill adapted him. Too impatient and too discursive to accomplish anything of his own, he was admirably fitted to correct the faults of another, and so he worked away vigorously—totally forgetting where he was, how he had come there, and as utterly oblivious of Stubber, whom he had left with-

out. Growing more and more interested as he proceeded, he arose at length to take a better view of what he had done, and standing some distance off, exclaimed aloud, "Per Bacco! I have made a good thing of it—there's life in it now."

"So indeed is there," cried a gentle voice behind him, and turning he beheld a young and very beautiful girl, whose dress was covered by the loose blouze of a sculptor. "How I thank you for this!" said she, blushing deeply as she curtsied before him. "I have had no teaching—and never till this moment knew how much I needed it."

"And this is your work, then?" said the Duke, who turned again towards the model. "Well, there is promise in it. There is even more. Still you have hard labor before you, if you would be really an artist. There is a grammar in these things, and he who would speak the tongue must get over the declensions. I know but little myself—"

"Oh do not say so," cried she, eagerly; "I feel that I am in a master's presence."

The Duke started, partly struck by the energy of her manner; in part by the words themselves. It is often difficult for men in his station to believe that they are not known and recognized, and so he stood wondering at her, and thinking who she could be that did not know him to be the prince. "You mistake me," said he gently, and with that dignity which is the birthright of those born to command. "I am but a very indifferent artist. I have studied a little, it is true; but other pursuits and idleness have swept away the small knowledge I once possessed, and left me, as to art, pretty much as I am in morals—that is, I know what is right, but very often I can't accomplish it."

"You are from Carrara, I conclude?" said the young girl timidly, still curious to hear more about him.

"Pardon me," said he, smiling, "I am a native of Massa, and live here."

"And are you not a sculptor by profession?" asked she, still more eagerly.

"No," said he, laughing pleasantly; "I follow a more precarious trade, nor can I mould the clay I work in, so deftly."

"At least you love art," said she, with an enthusiasm heightened by the changes he had effected in her group.

"Now it is my turn to question, Signorina," said he, gaily. "Why, with a talent like yours, have you not given yourself to regular study? You live in a land where instruction should not be difficult to obtain. Carrara is one vast studio; there must be many there who would not alone be willing, but even proud to have such a pupil. Have you never thought of this?"

"I have thought of it," said she, pensively, "but my aunt, with whom I live, desires to see no one, to know no one—even now," added she, blushing deeply, "I find myself conversing with an utter stranger, in a way——" She stopped, overwhelmed with confusion, and he finished her sentence for her.

"In a way which shows how naturally a love of art establishes a confidence between those who possess it." As he spoke, the curtain was drawn back, and a lady entered, who, though several years older, bore such a likeness to the young girl that she might readily have been taken for her sister.

"It is at length time I should make my excuses for this intrusion, madame," said he, turning towards her, and then in a few words explained how the accidental passing by the spot and the temptation of the open wicket had led him to a trespass, "which," added he, smiling, "I can only say, I shall be charmed if you will condescend to retaliate. I, too, have some objects of art, and gardens which are thought worthy of a visit."

"We live here, sir, apart from the world. It is for that reason we have selected this residence," replied she, coldly.

"I shall respect your seclusion, madame," answered he, with a deep bow, "and only beg once more to tender my sincere apologies for the past. He moved towards the door as he spoke, the ladies curtsied deeply, and with a still lowlier reverence he passed out.

The Duke lingered in the garden, as though unwilling to leave the spot. For a while some doubt as to whether he had been recognized passed through his mind, but he soon satisfied himself that such was not the case, and the singularity of the situation amused him.

"I am culling a souvenir, madame," said he, plucking a moss-rose as the lady passed.

"I will give you a better one, sir," said she detaching one from her bouquet, and handing it to him,—and so they parted.

"Per Bacco! Stubber, I have seen two very charming women. They are evidently persons of condition; find out all about them, and let me hear it to-morrow;"—and so saying, his Highness rode away, thinking pleasantly over his adventure, and fancying a hundred ways in which it might be amusingly carried out. The life of princes is rarely fertile in surprises; perhaps, therefore, the uncommon and the unusual are the pleasantest of all their sensations.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ITALIAN TROUBLES.

STUBBER knew his master well. There was no need for any prequisitions on his part; the ladies, the studio, and the garden

were totally forgotten ere nightfall. Some rather alarming intelligence had arrived from Carrara, which had quite obliterated every memory of his late adventure. That little town of artists had long been the resort of an excited class of politicians, and it was more than rumored that the "Carbonari" had established there a lodge of their order. Inflammatory placards had been posted through the town—violent denunciations of the government—vengeance, even on the head of the sovereign, openly proclaimed, and a speedy day promised when the wrongs of an enslaved people should be avenged in blood. The messenger who brought the alarming tidings to Massa carried with him many of the inflammatory documents, as well as several knives and poinards, discovered by the activity of the police in a ruined building at the sea shore. No arrests had as yet been made, but the authorities were in possession of information with regard to various suspicious characters, and the police prepared to act at a moment's notice.

It was an hour after midnight when the council met, and the Duke sat pale, agitated, and terrified at the table, with Landetti, the Prime Minister, Capreni, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and General Ferruccio, the War Minister,—a venerable ecclesiastic, Monsignore Abbati, occupying the lowest place in virtue of his humble station, as confessor of his Highness. He who of all others enjoyed his master's confidence, and whose ready intelligence was most needed in the emergency, was not present; his title of Minister of the Household not qualifying him for a place at the council.

Whatever the result, the deliberation was a long one. Even while it continued, there was time to despatch a courier to Carrara, and receive the answer he brought back; and when the Duke returned to his room, it was already far advanced in the morning. Fatigued and harrassed, he dismissed his valet at once, and desired that Stubber might attend him. When he arrived, however, his Highness had fallen off asleep, and lay, dressed as he was, on his bed.

Stubber sat noiselessly beside his master, his mind deeply pondering over the events which, although he had not been present at the council, had all been related to him. It was not the first time he had heard of that formidable conspiracy, which, under the title of the Carbonari, had established themselves in every corner of Europe.

In the days of his humbler fortune he had known several of them intimately; he had been often solicited to join their band; but while steadily refusing this, he had detected

much which to his keen intelligence savored of treachery to the cause amongst them. This cause was necessarily recruited from those whose lives rejected all honest and patient labor. They were the disappointed men of every station, from the highest to the lowest. The ruined gentleman—the beggared noble—the bankrupt trader—the houseless artizan—the homeless vagabond, were all there; bold, daring and energetic, fearless as to the present, reckless as to the future. They sought for any change, no matter what, seeing that in the convulsion their own condition must be bettered. Few troubled their heads how these changes were to be accomplished—they cared little for the real grievances they assumed to redress—their work was demolition. It was to the hour of pillage alone they looked for the recompense of their hardihood. Some unquestionably, took a different view of the agencies and the objects; dreamy speculative men, with high aspirations, hoped that the cruel wrongs which tyranny inflicted on many a European state might be effectually curbed by a glorious freedom—when each man's actions should be made conformable to the benefit of the community, and the will of all be typified in the conduct of each. There was, however, another class, and to these Stubber had given deep attention. It was a party whose singular activity and energy were always in the ascendant—ever suggesting bold measures whose results could scarcely be more than menaces, and advocating actions whose greatest effect could not rise above acts of terror and dismay. And thus while the leaders plotted great political convulsions, and the masses dreamed of sack and pillage, these latter dealt in acts of suicidal assassination—the vengeance of the poinard and the poison cup. These were the men Stubber had studied with no common attention. He fancied he saw in them neither the dupes of their own excited imaginations, nor the reckless followers of rapine, but an order of men equal to the former by intelligence, but far transcending the last in crime and infamy. In his own early experiences he had perceived that more than one of these had expatriated themselves suddenly, carrying away to foreign shores considerable wealth, and that, too, under circumstances where the acquisition of property seemed scarcely possible. Others, he had seen, as suddenly throwing off their political associates, run into stations of rank and power; and one memorable case he knew, where the individual had become the chief adviser of the very state whose destruction he had sworn to accomplish. Such a one he now fancied he had detected among

the advisers of his Prince, and, deeply ruminating on this theme, he sat at the bed-side.

"Is it a dream, Stubber, or have we really heard bad news from Carrara? Has Franchetti been stabbed, or not?"

"Yes, your Highness, he has been stabbed, exactly two inches below where he was wounded in September last—then it was his pocket-book saved him; now it was your Highness' picture, which, like a faithful follower, he always carried about him."

"Which means that you disbelieve the whole story."

"Every word of it."

"And the poinards found at the Bocca de Magni?"

"Found by those who placed them there."

"And the proclamations?"

"Blundering devices. See, here is one of them, printed on the very paper supplied to the Government offices. There's the water mark, with the crown and your own cypher on it."

"Per Bacco! so it is. Let me show this to Landetti."

"Wait a while, your Highness; let us trace this a little further. No arrests have been made."

"None."

"Nor will any. The object in view is already gained; they have terrified you, and secured the next move."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that they have persuaded you that this state is the hotbed of revolutionists; that your own means of security and repression are unequal to the emergency; that disaffection exists in the army; and that, whether for the maintenance of the government or your safety, you have only one course remaining."

"Which is—"

"To call in the Austrians."

"Per Bacco! it is exactly what they have advised. How did you come to know it? Who is the traitor at the council board?"

"I wish I could tell you the name of one who was not such. Why, your Highness, these fellows are not *your* ministers, except in so far as they are paid by you. They are Metternich's people; they receive their appointments from Vienna, and are only accountable to the cabinet held at Schoenbrunn. If wise and moderate counsels prevailed here, if our financial measures prospered, if the people were happy and contented, how long, think you, would Lombardy submit to be ruled by the rod and the bayonet? Do you imagine that you will be suffered to give an example to the peninsula of a good administration?"

"But so it is," broke in the Prince; "I

defy any man to assert the opposite. The country *is* prosperous, the people *are* contented, the laws justly administered, and, I hesitate not to say, myself as popular as any sovereign of Europe."

"And I tell your Highness, just as distinctly, that the country is ground down with taxation, even to export duties on the few things we have to export—that the people are poor to the very verge of starvation—that if they do not take to the highways as brigands, it is because their traditions as honest men yet survive amongst them—that the laws only exist as an agent of tyranny, arrest and imprisonment being at the mere carcase of the authorities. Nor is there a means by which an innocent man can demand his trial, and insist on being confronted with his accuser. Your jails are full, crowded to a state of pestilence with supposed political offenders, men that, in a free country, would be at large, toiling industriously for their families, and whose opinions could never be dangerous, if not festering in the foul air of a dungeon. And as to *your own* popularity, all I say is, don't walk in the Piazza at Carrara after dusk. No, nor even at noon-day."

"And you dare to speak thus to me, Stubber!" said the Prince, his face covered with a deadly pallor as he spoke, and his white lips trembling, but less in passion than in fear.

"And why not, sir? Of what value could such a man as I am be to your service, if I were not to tell you what you'll never hear from others—the plain, simple truth? Is it not clear enough that if I only thought of my own benefit, I'd say whatever you'd like best to hear—I'd tell you, like Landetti, that the taxes were well paid, or say, as Cerreccio did, t' other day, that your army would do credit to any state in Europe; when he well knew at the time, that the artillery was in mutiny from arrears of pay, and the cavalry horses dying from short rations!"

"I am well weary of all this," said the duke, with a sigh. "If the half of what I hear of my kingdom, every day, be but true, my lot in life is worse than a galley-slave's. One assures me that I am bankrupt; another calls me a vassal of Austria; a third makes me out a Papal spy, and you aver that I venture into the streets of my own town—in the midst of my own people, I am almost sure to be assassinated!"

"Take no man's word, sir, for what, while you can see for yourself, it is your own duty to ascertain," said Stubber resolutely. "If you really only desire a life of ease and indolence, forgetting what you owe to yourself and those you rule over, send for

the Austrians. Ask for a brigade and a general. You'll have them for the asking. They'd come at a word, and try your people at the drum head, and flog and shoot them with as little disturbance to you as need be! You may pension off the judges; for a court martial is a far speedier tribunal, and a corporal's guard is quite an economy in criminal justice. Trade will not perhaps prosper with martial law, nor is a state of siege thought favorable to commerce. No matter. You'll sleep safe so long as you keep within doors, and the band under your window will rouse the spirit of nationality in your heart, as it plays, 'God preserve the Emperor!'

"You forget yourself, sir, and you forget me!" said the Duke sternly, as he drew himself up, and threw a look of insolent pride at the speaker.

"Mayhap I do, your Highness," was the ready answer, "and out of that very forgetfulness let your Highness take a warning. I say, once more, I distrust the people about you, and as to this conspiracy at Carrara, I'll wager a round sum on it, that it was hatched on t'other side of the Alps, and paid for in good florins of the Holy Roman Empire. At all events, give me time to investigate the matter. Let me have 'till the end of the week to examine into it, and if I find nothing to confirm my views, I'll say not one word against all the measures of precaution that your council are bent on importing from Austria."

"Take your own way; I promise nothing," said the Duke haughtily, and with a motion of his hand dismissed his adviser.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CARRARA.

To all the luxuriant vegetation and cultivated beauty of Massa, glowing in the "golden glories" of its orange groves—steeped in the perfume of its thousand gardens—Carrara offers the very strongest contrast. Built in a little cleft of the Apennines, it is begirt with great mountains—wild, barren, and desolate,—some dark and precipitous, have no traces in their sides but those of the torrents which are formed by the melting snows; others show the white caves, as they are called, of that pure marble which has made the name of the spot famous throughout Europe. High in the mountain sides, escarped amidst rocks, and zig-zagging over many a dangerous gorge and deep abyss, are the rough roads trodden by the weary oxen—trailing along their massive loads, and straining their stout chests to drag the great white blocks of glittering stone. Far down below, crossed

and re-crossed by splashing torrents, sprinkled with the spray of a hundred cataracts, stands Carrara itself,—a little marble city of art,—every house a studio, every citizen a sculptor. Hither are sent out all the marvellous conceptions of genius—the models which mighty imaginations have begotten, to be converted into imperishable stone. Here are the grand conceptions gathered for every land and clime, treasures destined to adorn the great galleries of nations, or the splendid palaces of kings.

Some of these studios are of imposing size and vast proportions, and not devoid of a certain architectural pretension—a group, a figure, or a bas relief usually adorning the space over the door; and by its subject giving some indication of the tastes of the proprietor. Thus Madonnas and saints are of frequent occurrence; and the majority of the artists display their faith by an image of the saint whose patronage they claim. Others exhibit some ideal conception; and a few denote their nationality by the bust of their sovereign, or some prince of his house.

One of these buildings, a short distance from the town, and so small as to be little more than a mere crypt, was distinguished by the chaste and simple elegance of its design, and the elaborate ornament with which its owner had decorated the most minute details of the building. He was a young artist, who had arrived in Carrara friendless and unknown, but whose abilities had soon obtained for him consideration and employment. At first, the tasks entrusted to him were the humbler ones of friezes and decorative art; but at length, his skill becoming acknowledged, to his hands were confided the choicest conceptions of Danneker—the most rare creations of Canova. Little or nothing was known of him; his habits were of the strictest seclusion,—he went into no society, he formed no friendships. His solitary life, after a while, ceased to attract any notice; and men saw him pass, and come and go, without question,—almost without greeting; and save when some completed work was about to be packed off to its destination, the name of Sebastian Grippi was rarely heard in Carrara.

His strict retirement had not, however, exempted him from the jealous suspicions of the authorities; on the contrary, the seeming mystery of his life had sharpened their curiosity and aroused their zeal; and more than once was he summoned to the Prefecture to answer some frivolous questions about his passport or his means of subsistence.

It was on one of these errands that he stood one morning in the ante-chamber of the Podesta's court, awaiting his turn to be called and interrogated. The heat of a

crowded chamber, the wearisome delay,—perhaps, too, some vexation at the frequency of these irritating calls—had partially excited him; and when he was at length introduced, his manner was confused, his replies vague and almost wandering.

Two strangers, whose formal permissions to reside were then being filled up by a clerk, were accommodated with seats in the room, and listened with no slight interest to a course of enquiry so strange and novel to their ears.

"Grippi!" cried the harsh voice of the President, "come forward," and a youth stood up, dressed in the blue blouse of a common workman, and wearing the coarse shoes of the very humblest laborer; but yet in the calm dignity of his mien, and the mild character of his sad but handsome features, already proclaiming that he came of a class whose instincts denote good blood.

"Grippi, you have a servant, it would seem, whose name is not in your passport; how is this?"

"He is a humble friend who shares my fortune, sir," said the artist. "They asked no passport from him when we crossed the Tuscan frontier; and he was since here some months, without any demand for one."

"Does he assist you in your work?"

"He does, sir, by advice and counsel; but he is not a sculptor. Poor fellow! he never dreamed that his presence here could have attracted any remark."

"His tongue and accent betray a foreign origin, Grippi?"

"Be it so,—so do mine, perhaps. Are we the less submissive to the laws?"

"The laws can make themselves respected," said the Podesta sternly; "where is this man,—how is he called?"

"He is known as Gulielmo, sir. At this moment he is ill,—he has caught the fever of the Campagna, and is confined to bed."

"We shall send to ascertain that fact," was the reply.

"Then my word is doubted!" said the youth haughtily.

The Podesta started, but more in amazement than anger. There was, indeed, enough to astonish him in the haughty ejaculation of the poorly-clad boy.

"I am given to believe that you are not, as your passport would imply,—a native of Capri, nor a Neapolitan born," said the Podesta.

"If my passport be regular and my conduct blameless, what have you or any one to do with my birth-place? Is there any charge alleged against me?"

"You are forgetting where you are, boy; but I may take measures to remind you of

it," said the Podesta, whispering to a sergeant of the *gend'armes* at his side.

"I hope I have said nothing that could offend you," said the boy, eagerly; "I scarcely know what I have said. My wish is to submit myself in all obedience to the laws—to live quietly and follow my trade. If my presence here give displeasure to the authorities, I will, however sorry, take my departure, though I cannot say whether to

—" The last words were uttered falteringly, and in a kind of soliloquy, and only overheard by the two strangers, who now having received their papers, arose to withdraw.

"Will you call at our inn and speak with us: that's my card;" said one, as he passed out, and gave a visiting card into the youth's hand.

He took it without a word; indeed he was too deeply engaged in his own thoughts to pay much attention to the request.

"The sergeant will accompany you, my good youth, to your lodgings, and verify what you have stated as to your companion. To-morrow you will appear here again to answer certain questions we shall put to you as to your subsistence, and the means by which you live."

"Is it a crime to have where-withal to subsist upon?" asked the boy.

"He whose means of living are disproportionate to his evident station may well be an object of suspicion," said the other, with a sneer.

"And who is to say what is my station, or what becomes it? Will you take upon you to pronounce upon the question?" cried the boy, insolently.

"Mayhap it is what I shall do very soon!" was the calm answer.

"Then let me have done with this. I'll leave the place as soon as my friend be able to bear removal."

"Even that I'll not promise for."

"Why, you'll not detain me here by force?" exclaimed the youth.

A cold, ambiguous smile was the only reply he received to this speech.

"Well, let us see when this restraint is to begin," cried the boy, passionately, as he moved towards the door; but no impediment was offered to his departure. On the contrary, the servant, at a signal from the Prefect, threw wide the two sides of the folding doors, and the youth passed out, down the stairs, and into the street.

His mind obscured by passion, his heart bursting with indignation, he threaded his way through many a narrow lane and alley, till he reached a small rustic bridge, crossing which, he ascended a narrow flight of steps

cut in the solid rock, and gained a little terrace on which stood a small cottage of the humblest kind.

As usual in Italy, during the summer time, the glass sashes of the windows had been removed, and the shutters closed. Opening one of these gently with his hand, he peeped in, and as suddenly a voice cried out, "Are you come back? O how my heart was aching to see you here again! Come in quickly, and let me touch your hand."

The next moment the boy was seated by the bed, where lay a man greatly emaciated by sickness, and bearing in his worn features the traces of a severe tertian.

"It's going off now," said he, "but the fit was a long one. This morning it began at eight o'clock; but I'm throwing it off now, and I'll soon be better."

"My poor fellow," said the boy, caressing the cold fingers within his own hands, "it was in these mid-night rambles of mine you caught the terrible malady, as it ever has been. Your fidelity is fatal to you. I told you a thousand times that I was born to hard luck, and carried more than enough to swamp all who might try to succor me."

"And don't I say, as the old heathen philosopher did of fortune, 'Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia'?" Is it necessary to say that the speaker was Billy Traynor, and the boy his pupil?

"Prudentia," said the youth, scoffingly, "may mean anything from trickery to downright meanness; since, by such acts as these, men grow great in life. Prudentia is thrift and self-denial; but it is more, too—it is a compromise between a man's dignity and his worldly success—it is the compact that says, bear *this*, that *that* may happen—and so I'll none of it."

"Tell me how you fared with the Prefect," asked Billy.

"You shall hear, and judge for yourself," said the other, and related, as well as his memory would serve him, the circumstances of his late interview.

"Well! well!" said Billy, "it might be worse."

"I knew you'd say so, poor fellow," said the youth, affectionately; "you accept the rubs of life as cheerfully as I take them with impatience. But, after all, this is matter of temperament, too. You can forgive—I love better to resist."

"Mine is the better philosophy though," said Billy, "since it will last one's lifetime. Forgiveness must dignify old age, when your virtue of resistance be no longer possible."

"I never wish to reach the time when I may be too old for it," said the boy, passionately.

"Hush, don't say that. It's not for you

to determine how long you are to live, nor in what frame of mind years are to find you." He paused, and there was a long unbroken silence between them.

"I have been at the post," said the youth at last, "and found that letter which, by the Neapolitan post-mark, must have been dispatched many weeks since."

Billy Traynor took up the letter, whose seal was yet unbroken, and having examined it carefully, returned it to him, saying, "You did n't answer his last, I think?"

"No; and I half hoped he might have felt offended, and given up the correspondence. What have we to do with ambassadors or great ministers, Billy? Ours is not the grand highway in life, but the humble path on the mountain side."

"I'm content if it only lead upwards," said the sick man; and the words were uttered firmly, but with the solemn fervor of prayer.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A NIGHT SCENE.

As young Massey—for so we like best to call him—sat with the letter in his hand, a card fell to the ground from between his fingers, and taking it up he read the name, Lord Frobischer.

"What does this mean, Billy?" asked he; "whom can it belong to? O, I remember now. There were some strangers at the Podesta's office, this morning when I was there; and one of them asked me to call at this inn, and speak with them."

"He has seen 'the Alcibiades,'" exclaimed Billy, eagerly. "He has been at the studio?"

"How should he?" rejoined the youth. "I have not been there myself for two days: here is the key!"

"He has heard of it, then—of that I'm certain; since he could not be in the town here an hour, without some one telling him of it."

Massey smiled half sadly, and shook his head.

"Go and see him at all events," said Billy; "and be sure to put on your coat and a hat, for one would n't know what ye were at all, in that cap and dirty blouse."

"I'll go as I am, or not at all," said the other, rising. "I am Sebastian Grippi, a young sculptor, at least," added he, bitterly. "I have about the same right to that name that I have to any other." He turned abruptly away, as he spoke and gained the open air. There for a few moments he stood seemingly irresolute, and then wiping away a heavy tear that had fallen on his cheek, he slowly descended the steps towards the bridge.

When he reached the inn, the strangers had just dined, but left word that when he called he should be introduced at once, and Massy followed the waiter into a small garden, where in a species of summer house they were seated at their wine. One of them arose courteously as the youth came forward, and placing a chair for him, and filling out a glass of wine, invited him to join them.

"Give him one of your cigars, Barnard," said the other; "they are better than mine;" and Massy accepted, and began smoking without a word.

"That fellow at the police-office gave you no further trouble, I hope," said my lord, in a half-languid tone, and with that amount of difficulty that showed he was no master of Italian.

"No," replied Massy, "for the present, he has done nothing more. I'm not so certain, however, that to-morrow or next day I shall not be ordered away from this."

"On what grounds?"

"Suspicion — heaven knows of what."

"That's infamous, I say. Eh, Barnard!"

"Detestable," muttered the other.

"And where to can you go?"

"I scarcely know as yet, since the police are in communication throughout the whole Peninsula, and they transmit your character from state to state."

"They'd not credit this in England, Barnard!"

"No, not a word of it!" rejoined the other.

"You're a Neapolitan, I think I heard him say."

"So my passport states."

"Ah, he won't say that he is one though," interposed his lordship in English. "Do you mind that, Barnard?"

"Yes, I remarked it," was the reply.

"And how came you here originally?" asked Frobisher, turning towards the youth.

"I came here to study and to work. There is always enough to be had to do in this place, copying the works of great masters; and at one's spare moments there is time to try something of one's own."

"And have you done anything of that kind?"

"Yes, I have begun. I have attempted two or three."

"We should like to see them, eh, Barnard?"

"Of course, when we've finished our wine. It's not far off, is it?"

"A few minutes' walk, but not worth even that, when the place is full of things really worth seeing. There's 'Danneker's Bathing Nymph,' and 'Canova's Dead Cupid,' and 'Rauch's Antigone,' all within reach."

"Mind that, Barnard, we must see all these to-morrow. Could you come about with us, and show us what we ought to see?"

"Who knows if I shall not be on the road to-morrow?" said the youth smiling faintly.

"O, I think not—if there's really nothing against you—if it's only mere suspicion, eh, Barnard?"

"Just so!" said the other, and drank off his wine.

"And are you able to make a good thing of it here—by copying, I mean!" asked his lordship, languidly.

"I can live," said the youth; "and as I labor very little and idle a great deal, that is saying enough perhaps."

"I'm not sure the police are not right about him after all, Barry," said his lordship; "he doesn't seem to care much about his trade," and Massy was unable to repress a smile at the remark.

"You don't understand English, do you?" asked Frobisher, with a degree of eagerness very unusual to him.

"Yes, I am English by birth," was the answer.

"English! and how came you to call yourself a Neapolitan; what was the object of that?"

"I wished to excite less notice and less observation here, and if possible to escape the jealousy with which Englishmen are regarded by the authorities—for this I obtained a passport at Naples."

Barnard eyed him suspiciously as he spoke, and as he sipped his wine continued to regard him with a keen glance.

"And how did you manage to get a Neapolitan passport?"

"Our minister, Sir Horace Upton, managed that for me."

"Oh! you are known to Sir Horace, then!"

"Yes."

A quick interchange of looks between my lord and his friend showed that they were by no means satisfied that the young sculptor was simply a worker in marble, and a fashioner in modelling-clay.

"Have you heard from Sir Horace, lately?" asked Lord Frobisher.

"I received this letter to-day, but I have not read it," and he showed the unopened letter as he spoke.

"The police may then have some reasonable suspicions about your residence here," said his lordship, slowly.

"My lord," said Massy, rising, "I have had enough of this kind of examination from the Podesta himself this morning, not to care to pass my evening in a repetition of it. Who I am, what I am, and with what object

here, are scarcely matters in which you have any interest, and assuredly were not the subjects on which I expected you should address me. I beg now to take my leave." He moved towards the garden as he spoke, bowing respectfully to each.

"Wait a moment, pray don't go—sit down again—I never meant—of course I could n't mean so—eh, Barnard?" said his lordship, stammering in great confusion.

"Of course not," broke in Barnard; "his lordship's inquiries were really prompted by a sincere desire to serve you."

"Just so—a sincere desire to serve you."

"In fact, seeing you, as I may say, in the toils."

"Exactly so—in the toils."

"He thought very naturally that his influence and his position might, you understand—for these fellows know perfectly what an English peer is—they take a proper estimate of the power of Great Britain."

His lordship nodded assentingly, as though any stronger corroboration might not be exactly graceful on his part; and Barnard went on.

"Now, you perfectly comprehend why—you see at once the whole thing, and I'm sure instead of feeling any soreness or irritation at my lord's interference, that in point of fact"—

"Just so," broke in his lordship, pressing Massey into a seat at his side, "just so, that's it!"

It requires no ordinary tact for any man to reseat himself at a table from which he has risen in anger or irritation, and Massey had far too little knowledge of life to overcome this difficulty gracefully. He tried indeed to seem at ease—he endeavored even to be cheerful, but the efforts were all unsuccessful. My lord was no very acute observer at any time; he was besides so constitutionally indolent, that the company which exacted least was ever the most palatable to him. As for Barnard, he was only too happy whenever least reference was made to his opinion, and so they sat and sipped their wine with wonderfully little converse between them.

"You have a statue, or a group, or something or other—haven't you?" said my lord, after a very long interval.

"I have a half finished model," said the youth, not without a certain irritation at the indifference of his questioner.

"Scarcely light enough to look at it tonight—eh, Barnard?"

"Scarcely!" was the dry answer.

"We can go in the morning though—eh, Barry?"

The other nodded a cool assent.

My lord now filled his glass, drank it off, and refilled with the air of a man nerving himself for a great undertaking—and such was indeed the case. He was about to deliver himself of a sentiment, and the occasion was one to which Barnard could not lend his assistance.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that if that same estate we spoke of, Barry—that Welsh property you know—and that thing in Ireland, should fall in—I'd buy some statues and have a gallery!"

"Devilish costly work you'd find it," muttered Barnard.

"Well, I suppose it is—not more so than a racing stable after all."

"Perhaps not."

"Besides, I look upon that property—if it does ever come to me—as a kind of wind-fall—it was one of those pieces of fortune one could n't have expected, you know"—then turning towards the youth, as if to apologize for a discussion in which he could take no part—he said, "We were talking of a property, which by the eccentricity of its owner may one day become mine."

"And which doubtless some other had calculated on inheriting," said the youth.

"Well, that may be very true—I never thought about that—eh, Barnard?"

"Why should you?" was the short response.

"Gain and loss, loss and gain," muttered the youth moodily, "are the laws of life."

"I say, Barnard, what a jolly moonlight there is out there in the garden; would n't it be a capital time this to see your model, eh?"

"If you are disposed to take the trouble," said the youth rising and blushing modestly; and the others stood up at the same moment.

Nothing passed between them as they followed the young sculptor through many an intricate by-way and narrow lane; and at last reached the little stream on whose bank stood his studio.

"What have we here!" exclaimed Barnard, as he saw it; "is this a little temple?"

"It is my work-shop," said the boy proudly, and produced the key to open the door.

Scarcely had he crossed the threshold, however, than his foot struck a roll of papers, and stooping down he caught up a large placard headed, "Morto al Tiranno," in large capitals. Holding the sheet up to the moonlight, he saw that it contained a violent and sanguinary appeal to the wildest passions of the Carbonari—one of those savage exhortations to blood-shedding, which were taken from the terrible annals of the French revolution. Some of these

bore the picture of a guillotine at top, others were headed with crossed poignards.

"What are all these about?" asked Barnard, as he took up three or four of them in his hand; but the youth, overcome with terror, could make no answer.

"These are all sansculotte literature, I take it," said his lordship—but the youth was stupified and silent.

"Has there been any treachery at work here?" asked Barnard. "Is there a scheme to entrap you?"

The youth nodded a melancholy and slow assent.

"But why should you be obnoxious to these people? Have you any enemies amongst them?"

"I cannot tell," gloomily muttered the youth.

"And this is your statue," said Barnard, as opening a large shutter he suffered a flood of moonlight to fall on the figure.

"Fine!—a work of great merit, Barnard," broke in his lordship, whose apathy was at last overcome by admiration. But the youth stood regardless of their comments, his eyes bent upon the ground, nor did he heed them as they moved from side to side, examining the statue in all its details, and in the words of high praise speaking their approval.

"I'll buy this," muttered his lordship. "I'll give him an order, too, for another work—leaving the subject to himself—eh, Barnard?"

"A clever fellow certainly," replied the other.

"Whom does he mean the figure to represent?"

"It is Alcibiades as he meets his death," broke in the youth—"he is summoned to the door as though to welcome a friend, and he falls pierced by a poisoned arrow—there is but legend to warrant the fact. I cared little for the incident—I was full of the man, as he contended with seven chariots in the Olympic games, and proudly rode round the course with his glittering shield of ivory and gold, and his waving locks all perfumed. I thought of him in his gorgeous panoply, and his voluptuousness; lion-hearted, and danger-seeking, pampering the very flesh he offered to the spears of the enemy. I pictured him to my mind, embellishing life with every charm, and daring death in every form. Beautiful as Apollo—graceful as the bounding Mercury—bold as Achilles, the lion's whelp, as *Æschylus* calls him. This," added he, in a tone of depression, "this is but a sorry version of what my mind had conceived."

"I arrest you, Sebastiano Grippi," said a voice from behind, and suddenly three

gend'armes surrounded the youth, who stood still and speechless with terror, while a mean looking man in shabby black gathered up the printed proclamations that lay about, and commenced a search for others throughout the studio.

"Ask them will they take our bail for his appearance, Barnard," said my lord, eagerly.

"No use—they'd only laugh at us," was the reply.

"Can we be of any service to you? Is there anything we can do?" asked his lordship of the boy.

"You must not communicate with the prisoner, signore," cried the brigadier, "if you don't wish to share his arrest."

"And this, doubtless," said the man in black, standing and holding up the lantern to view the statue, "this is the figure of liberty we have heard of, pierced by the deadly arrow of tyranny!"

"You hear them!" cried the boy in wild indignation, addressing the Englishmen; "you hear how these wretches draw their infamous allegations, but this shall not serve them as a witness;" and with a spring he seized a large wooden mallet from the floor and dashed the model in pieces.

A cry of horror and rage burst from the by-standers, and as the Englishmen stooped in sorrow over the broken statue, the gend'armes secured the boy's wrists with a stout cord, and led him away.

"Go after them, Barnard; tell them he is an Englishman, and that if he comes to him they'll hear of it!" cried my lord eagerly, while he muttered in a lower tone, "I think we might knock these fellows over and liberate him at once, eh, Barry?"

"No use if we did," replied the other; they'd overpower us afterwards. Come along to the inn, we'll see about it in the morning."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A COUNCIL OF STATE.

It was a fine mellow evening of the late autumn, as two men sat in a large and handsomely-furnished chamber, opening upon a vast garden. There was something in the dim, half light, the heavily-perfumed air, rich with the odor of the orange and the lime, and the stillness, that imparted a sense of solemnity to the scene, where, indeed, few words were interchanged, and each seemed to ponder long after every syllable of the other.

We have no mysteries with our reader, and we hasten to say that one of these personages was the Chevalier Stubber—confidential minister of the Duke of Massa; the other was our old acquaintance, Billy Tray-

nor. If there was some faint resemblance in the fortunes of these two men, who, sprung from the humblest walks of life, had elevated themselves by their talents to a more exalted station in life, there all likeness between them ended. Each represented, in some of the very strongest characteristics, a nationality totally unlike that of the other. The Saxon, blunt, imperious, and decided; the Celt, subtle, quick-sighted, and suspicious, distrustful of all save his own skill in a moment of difficulty.

"But you have not told me his real name yet," said the Chevalier, as he slowly smoked his cigar, and spoke with the half listlessness of a careless inquirer.

"I know that, sir," said Billy cautiously. "I don't see any need of it."

"Nor your own, either," remarked the other.

"Nor even that, sir," responded Billy, calmly.

"It comes to this, then, my good friend," rejoined Stubber, "that having got yourself into trouble, and having discovered, by the aid of a countryman, that a little frankness would serve you greatly, you prefer to preserve a mystery that I could easily penetrate if I cared for it, to speaking openly and freely, as a man might with one of his own."

"We have no mysteries, sir. We have family secrets, that don't regard any one but ourselves. My young ward, or pupil, whichever I ought to call him, has, maybe, his own reasons for leading a life of unobtrusive obscurity, and what one may term an umbrageous existence. It's enough for me to know that, to respect it."

"Come, come; all this is very well if you were at liberty, or if you stood on the sod of your own country; but remember where you are now, and what accusations are hanging over you. I have here beside me very grave charges indeed — constant and familiar intercourse with leaders of the Carbo-nari" —

"We don't know one of them," broke in Billy.

"Correspondence with others beyond the frontier," continued the Chevalier —

"Nor that either," interrupted Billy.

"Treasonable placards found by the police in the very hands of the accused — insolent conduct to the authorities when arrested — attempted escape: all these duly certified on oath."

"Devil may care for that — oaths are as plenty with these blaguards as clasp-knives, and for the same purpose, too. Here's what it is, now," said he, crossing his arm on the table, and staring steadfastly at the other: "we came here to study and work, to per-

fect ourselves in the art of modelin' with good studies around us; and more than all, a quiet, secluded little spot, with nothing to distract our attention, or take us out of a mind for daily labor. That we made a mistake, is clear enough. Take everywhere else in this fine country, there's nothing but tyrants on one side, and assassins on the other; and meek and humble as we lived, we could n't escape the thieving blaguards of spies" —

"Do you know the handwriting of this address?" said the Chevalier, showing a sealed letter, directed to Sebastiano Grippi, Scultore, Carrara.

"Maybe I do — maybe I don't," was the gruff reply. "Won't you let me finish what I was sayin'?"

"This letter was found in the possession of the young prisoner, and is of some consequence," continued the other, totally inattentive to the question.

"I suppose a letter is always of consequence to him it's meant for," was the half sulky reply. "Sure you're not goin' to break the seal: — sure you don't mean to read it!" exclaimed he, almost springing from his seat as he spoke.

"I don't think I'd ask your permission for anything I think fit to do, my worthy fellow," said the other, sternly; and then passing across the room, he summoned a gend'arme, who waited at the door, to enter.

"Take this man back to the Fortizza," said he calmly; and while Billy Traynor slowly followed the guard, the other seated himself leisurely at the table, lighted his candles, and perused the letter. Whether disappointed by the contents, or puzzled by the meaning, he sat long pondering with the document before him.

It was late in the night when a messenger came to say that his Highness desired to see him; and Stubber arose at once, and hastened to the Duke's chamber.

In a room, studiously plain and simple in all its furniture, and on a low uncurtained bed, lay the Prince half dressed, a variety of books and papers littering the table, and even the floor at his side. Maps, prints, colored drawings — some representing views of Swiss scenery, others being portraits of opera celebrities — were mingled with illuminated missals and richly embossed rosaries; while police reports, petitions, rose-colored billets, and bon-bons, made up a mass of confusion wonderfully typical of the illustrious individual himself.

Stubber had scarcely crossed the threshold of the room, when he appeared to appreciate the exact frame of his master's mind. It was the very essence of his luck to catch in

a moment the ruling impulse, which swayed for a time that strange and vacillating nature, and he had but to glance at him to divine what was passing within.

"So then," broke out the Prince, "here we are actually in the very midst of revolution. Marocchi has been stabbed in the Piazza of Carrara. — Is it a thing to laugh at, sir?"

"The wound has only been fatal to the breast of his surtout, your Highness; and so adroitly given besides, that it does not correspond with the incision in his waistcoat."

"You distrust every one and everything, Stubber; and of course you attribute all that is going forward to the police."

"Of course I do, your Highness. They predict events with too much accuracy not to have a hand in their fulfilment. I knew three weeks ago when this outbreak was to occur, who was to be assassinated — since that is the phrase for Marocchi's mock wound, — who was to be arrested, and the exact nature of the demand the Council would make of your royal highness to suppress the troubles."

"And what was that?" asked the Duke, grasping a paper in his hand as he spoke.

"An Austrian division, with a half-battery of field-artillery, a judge-advocate to try the prisoners, and a provost-marshal to shoot them."

"And you'd have me believe that all these disturbances are deliberate plots of a party who desire Austrian influence in the Duchy?" cried the Duke, eagerly. "There may be really something in what you suspect. Here's a letter I have just received from La Sablonkoff: she's always keensighted and *she* thinks that the Court at Vienna is playing out here the game that they have not courage to attempt at Lombardy. What if this Wahlstein was a secret agent in the scheme — eh, Stubber?"

Stubber started with well-affected astonishment, and appeared as if astounded at the keen acuteness of the Duke's suggestion.

"Eh," cried his Highness, in evident delight. "That never occurred to *you*, Stubber. I'd wager there's not a man in the Duchy could have hit that plot but myself."

Stubber nodded sententiously, without a word.

"I never liked that fellow," resumed the Duke. "I always had my suspicion about that half reckless, wasteful manner he had. I know that I was alone in this opinion. Eh, Stubber? It never struck *you*?"

"Never! your Highness, never!" replied Stubber, frankly.

"I can't show you the Sablonkoff's letter, Stubber: there are certain private details for my own eye alone; but she speaks of a young sculptor at Carrara, a certain — Let me find his name. Ah! here it is — Sebastian Grippi — a young artist of promise, for whom she bespeaks our protection. Can you make him out, and let us see him!"

Stubber bowed in silence.

"I will give him an order for something. There's a pedestal in the flower garden where the Psyche stood. You remember, I smashed the Psyche, because it reminded me of Camella Monti. He shall design a figure for that place. I'd like a youthful Bacchus. I have a clever sketch of one somewhere, and it shall be tinted, slightly tinted. The Greeks always colored their statues. Strange enough, too; for, do you remark, Stubber, they never represented the iris of the eye, which the Romans invariably did; and yet, if you observe closely, you'll see that the eyelid implies the direction of the eye more accurately than in the Roman heads. I'm certain you never detected what I'm speaking of — eh, Stubber?"

Stubber candidly confessed that he had not; and listened patiently while his master descanted critically on the different styles of art, and his own especial tact and skill in discriminating between them.

"You'll look after these police returns then, Stubber," said he at last. "You'll let these people understand that we can suffice for the administration of our own Duchy. We neither want advice from Metternich, nor battalions from Radetzky. The laws here are open to every man; and if we have any claim to the gratitude of our people, it rests on our character for justice."

While he spoke with a degree of earnestness that indicated sincerity, there was something in the expression of his eye, — a half malicious drollery in its twinkle — that made it exceedingly difficult to say whether his words were uttered in honesty of purpose, or in mere mockery and derision. Whether Stubber rightly understood their import is more than we are able to say; but it is very probable that he was with all his shrewdness, mystified by one whose nature was a puzzle to himself.

"Let Marocchi return to Carrara. Say we have taken the matter into our own hands. Charge the brigadier in command of the gendarmerie there. Tell the canonico Baldetti that we look to *him* and his deacons for true reports of any movement that is plotting in the town. I take no steps with regard to Wahlstein for the present, but let him be closely watched. And then, Stubber,

send off an estafette to Pietro Santa for the ortolans, for I think we have earned our breakfast by all this attention to state affairs," and then, with a laugh, whose accents gave not the very faintest clue to its meaning, he lay back on his pillow again.

"And these two prisoners, your Highness, what is to be done with them?"

"Whatever you please, Stubber. Give them the third-class cross of Massa; or, a month's imprisonment, at your own good pleasure. Only no more business — no papers to sign — no schemes to unravel; and so, good night!" And the Chevalier retired at once from a presence which he well knew resented no injury so unmercifully as any invasion of the personal comfort.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LIFE THEY LED AT MASSA.

It was with no small astonishment young Massy heard that he and his faithful follower were not alone restored to liberty, but that an order of his Highness had assigned them a residence in a portion of the palace, and a promise of future employment.

"This smacks of Turkish rather than of European rule," said the youth. "In prison yesterday — in a palace to-day. My own fortunes are wayward enough, heaven knows, not to require any additional ingredient of uncertainty. What think you, Traynor?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Billy, gravely, "that as the bastes of the field are guided by their instincts to objects that suit their natures, so man ought, by his reason, to be able to pilot himself in difficulties — choosin' this, avoidin' that — seein' by the eye of prophecy where a road would lead him, and makin' of what seem the accidents of life, steppin'-stones to fortune."

"In what way does your theory apply here?" cried the other. "How am I to guess whither this current may carry me?"

"At all events, there's no use wastin' your strength by swimmin' against it," rejoined Billy.

"To be the slave of some despot's whim — the tool of a caprice that may elevate me to-day, and to-morrow sentence me to the galleys. The object I have set before myself in life is to be independent. Is this, then, the road to it?"

"You're tryin' to be what no man ever was, or will be, to the world's end, then," said Billy. "Sure its the very nature and essence of our life here below, that we are dependant one on the other for kindness, for affection, for material help in time of difficulty, for counsel in time of doubt. The

rich man and the poor one have their mutual dependencies; and if it wasn't so, cold-hearted and selfish as the world is, it would be five hundred times worse."

"You mistake my meaning," said Massy, sternly, "as you often do, to read me a lesson on a text of your own. When I spoke of independence, I meant freedom for the serfdom of another's charity. I would that my luck here, at least, should be of my own procuring."

"I get mine from you," said Traynor, calmly, "and never felt myself a slave on that account."

"Forgive me, my dear, kind friend. I could hate myself if I gave you a moment's pain. This temper of mine does not improve by time."

"There's one way to conquer it. Don't be broodin' on what's within. Don't be magnifyin' your evil fortunes to your own heart, till you come to think the world all little and yourself all great. Go out to your daily labor, whatever it be, with a stout spirit to do your best, and a thankful, grateful heart, that you are able to do it. Never let it out of your mind, that if there's many a one your inferior, winnin' his way up to fame and fortune before you, there's just as many better than you toilin' away unseen and unnoticed, wearin' out genius in a garret, and carryin' off a God-like intellect to an obscure grave!"

"You talk to me as though my crying sins were an overweening vanity," said the youth, half angrily.

"Well, it's one of them," said Billy; and the blunt frankness of the avowal threw the boy into a fit of laughing.

"You certainly do not intend to spoil me, Billy," said he, still laughing.

"Why would I do what so many is ready to do for nothing? What does the crowd that praise the work of a young man of genius care where they're leadin' him to? It's like people callin' out to a strong swimmer, 'Go out farther, and farther — out to the open sea, where the waves is rolling big, and the billows is roughest, that's worthy of you, in your strong might and your stout limbs. Lave the still water and the shallows to the weak and the puny. Your course is on the mountain wave, over the bottomless ocean.' It's little they think, if he's ever to get back again. 'Tis their boast and their pride that they said, 'Go on;' and when his cold corpse comes washed to shore, all they have is a word of derision and scorn for one who ventured beyond his powers."

"How you cool down one's ardor; with what pleasure you check every impulse that nerves one's heart for high daring!" said the youth, bitterly. "These eternal warn-

ings—these never-ending forebodings of failure—are sorry stimulants to energy.”

“Isn’t it better for you to have all your reverses at the hands of a crature as humble as me?” said Billy, while the tears glistened in his eyes. “What good am I, except for this!”

In a moment the boy’s arms were around him, while he cried out:

“There; forgive me once more, and let me try if I cannot amend a temper that any but yourself had grown weary of correcting. I’ll work—I’ll labor—I’ll submit—I’ll accept the daily rubs of life, as others take them, and you shall be satisfied with me. We shall go back to all our old pursuits, my dear Billy. I’ll join all your ecstasies over *Æschylus*, and believe as much as I can of *Herodotus*, to please you. You shall lead me to all the wonders of the stars, and dazzle me with the brightness of visions that my intellect is lost in; and in revenge I only ask that you should sit with me in the studio, and read to me some of those old songs of *Horace*, that move the heart like old wine. Shall I own to you what it is which sways me thus uncertainly—jarring every cord of my existence, making my life a sea of stormy conflict? Shall I tell you?”

He grasped the other’s hand with both his own as he spoke, and while his lips quivered in strong emotion, went on.

“It is this, then. I cannot forget, do all that I will,—I cannot root out of my heart what I once believed myself to be. You know what I mean. Well, there it is still, like the sense of a wrong or foul injustice, as though I had been robbed and cheated of what never was mine! This contrast between the life my earliest hopes had pictured and that which I am destined to, never leaves me. All your teachings—and I have seen how devotedly you have addressed yourself to this lesson—have not eradicated from my nature the proud instincts that guided my childhood. Often and often have you warmed my blood by thoughts of a triumph to be achieved by me hereafter—how men should recognize me as a genius, and elevate me to honors and rewards; and yet would I barter such success, ten thousand times told, for an hour of that high station that comes by birth alone, independent of all effort—the heirloom of deeds chronicled centuries back, whose actors have been dust for ages. That is real pride,” cried he, enthusiastically, “and has no alloy of the petty vanity that mingles with the sense of a personal triumph.”

Traynor hung his head heavily as the youth spoke, and a gloomy melancholy settled on his features: the sad conviction came home to him of all his counsels being fruit-

less—all his teachings in vain; and as the boy sat wrapt in a wild dreamy reverie of ancestral greatness, the humble peasant brooded darkly over the troubles, such a temperament might evoke.

“It is agreed that”—cried Massy, suddenly, “that we are to accept of this great man’s bounty, live under his roof, and eat his bread. Well, I accede—as well his as another’s. Have you seen the home they destine for us?”

“Yes; it’s a real paradise, and in a garden that would beat *Adam’s*, now,” exclaimed Traynor; “for there’s marble fountains, and statues, and temples, and grottoes in it; and it’s as big as a parish, and as wild as a wilderness. And better than all, there’s a little pathway leads to a private stair that goes up into the library of the palace—a spot nobody ever enters, and where you may study the whole day long without hearin’ a footstep. All the books is there that ever was written, and manuscripts without end besides; and the minister says I’m to have my own key, and go in and out whenever I please; ‘And if there’s anything wantin’,’ says he, ‘just order it on a slip of paper and send it to me, and you’ll have it at once.’ When I asked if I ought to spake to the librarian himself, he only laughed, and said, ‘That’s me; but I’m never there. Take my word for it, doctor, you’ll have the place to yourself.’”

He spoke truly: Billy Traynor had it indeed to himself. There, the grey dawn of morning and the last shadows of evening ever found him, seated in one of those deep, cell-like recesses of the windows; the table, the seats, the very floor littered with volumes, which, revelling in the luxury of wealth, he had accumulated around him. His greedy avidity for knowledge knew no bounds. The miser’s thirst for gold was weak in comparison with that intense craving that seized upon him. Historians, critics, satirists, poets, dramatists, metaphysicians, never came amiss to a mind bent on acquiring. The life he led was like the realization of a glorious dream—the calm repose, the perfect stillness of the spot, the boundless stores that lay about him; the growing sense of power, as day by day his intellect expanded; new vistas opened themselves before him, and new and unproved sources of pleasure sprung up in his nature. The never-ending variety gave a zest, too, to his labors that averted all weariness; and at last he divided his time ingeniously, alternating grave and difficult subjects with lighter topics—making, as he said himself, “*Aristophanes* digest *Plato*.”

And what of young Massy all this while? His life was a dream, too, but of another and very different kind. Visions of a glori-

ous future, attended with sad and depressing thoughts; high darings, and hopeless views of what lay before him, came and went, and went and came again. The Duke, who had just taken his departure for some watering-place in Germany, gave him an order for certain statues, the models for which were to be ready by his return—at least, in that sketchy state of which clay is even more susceptible than canvas. The young artist chafed and fretted under the restraint of an assigned task. It was gall to his haughty nature to be told that his genius should accept dictation, and his fancy be fettered by the suggestions of another. If he tried to combat this rebellious spirit, and addressed himself steadily to labor, he found that his imagination grew sluggish and his mind uncreative. The sense of servitude oppressed him; and though he essayed to subdue himself to the condition of an humble artist, the old pride still rankled in his heart, and

spirited him to a haughty resistance. His days thus passed over in vain attempts to work, or still more unprofitable lethargy. He lounged through the deserted garden, or lay half dreamily in the long deep grass, listening to the cicada or watching the emerald-backed lizards as they lay basking in the sun. He drank in all the soft voluptuous influences of a climate which steepens the senses in a luxurious stupor, making the commonest existence a toil, but giving to mere indolence all the zest of a rich enjoyment. Sometimes he wandered into the library, and noiselessly drew nigh the spot where Billy sat deeply busied in his books. He would gaze silently, half curiously, at the poor fellow, and then steal silently away, pondering on the blessings of that poor peasant's nature, and wondering what in his own organization had denied him the calm happiness of this humble man's life.

EPITAPH AT WINCHESTER.—I transmit the following epitaph for insertion in "N. & Q.," where I wonder that it has not hitherto appeared. I copied it from an inscription on a tombstone in the churchyard of Winchester Cathedral, and a military friend then quartered there informed me that a statement once appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* to the effect that the quatrain commencing "Here sleeps in peace," was written by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, sometime Bishop of Winchester. Now, as Bishop Hoadley died April 17, 1761, it is plain that he could not have written an epitaph on a person who survived him more than three years.

I have divided the lines exactly as they appear on the tombstone, and beg to direct your attention to the ambiguity of "when hot," which might apply to the "beer" or to its victim; also to the disembodiment of the North Hants Militia in April, 1802, being assignable (owing to the "obscure language") to the destruction of the "original stone," and not to the peace of Amiens, which was ratified in March, 1802. The inference drawn by the poet that the grenadier was killed by the smallness of the beer, and not by its want of caloric, is as original as it is, doubtless, correct.

"In memory of

THOMAS THETCHER,

a Grenadier in the North Regiment of Hants Militia, who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking small beer when hot the 12th of May, 1764, aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will towards his Comrades this Stone is placed here at their expense as a small testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier, who caught his death by drinking cold small beer. Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall, And, when ye're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

This Memorial being decayed was restor'd by the Officers of the Garrison, A.D. 1781.

An honest soldier never is forgot,

Whether he die by musket or by pot.

This Stone was placed by the North Hants Militia when disembodied at Winchester on 26th April, 1802, in consequence of the original Stone being destroyed.

LAST WORDS OF THE GREAT.

"Tête de l'armée."—*Napoleon.*

"I have loved God, my father, liberty."—*De Staël.*

"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—*Mirabeau.*

"Is this your fidelity?"—*Nero.*

"A king should die standing."—*Augustus.*

"I must sleep now."—*Byron.*

"Kiss me, Hardy."—*Nelson.*

"Don't give up the ship."—*Laurence.*

"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—*Thurlow.*

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—*Alfieri.*

"God preserve the Emperor."—*Haydn.*

"The artery ceases to beat."—*Haller.*

"Let the light enter."—*Goethe.*

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—*Elizabeth.*

"What, is there no bribing death?"—*Beaufort.*

"Monks, monks, monks?"—*Henry VIII.*

"Be serious."—*Grotius.*

"In tuas manus, Domine."—*Tasso.*

—*Notes and Queries.*

From Titan.

MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul : in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me !

What, my soul, was thine errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year ?
"Nay, none of these."

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night :
"To do His will !"

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so ? —
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the line
He bade thee go ?

What, silent all ! — art sad of cheer ?
Art tearful now ?
When God seem'd far, and men were near,
How brave wert thou !

Aha ! thou tremblest ! — well I see
Thou 'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone ?

Summon thy sunshine bravery back.
O wretched sprite !
Let me hear thy voice through this deep and
black
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid span ?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low ;
Like far, sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,
And borne the Right
From beneath the footfall of the throng,
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shiver'd a chain,
'God speed,' quoth I ;
To Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine ! ah, soul of mine !
Thy deeds are well :
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for
thine ?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to ! — for thy very self
Thy deeds were done :
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf —
Your end is one.

And where art thou going, soul of mine ?
Canst see the end ?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend ?

What daunts thee now ? — what shakes thee so ?
My sad soul, say.
"I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell :
That cloud hangs black,
High as the heaven and deep as hell,
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before,
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more !

"They shriek, they shudder, dear God ! they
kneel
To thee in prayer.

They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel
That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread Before
To the Known and Gone ;
For, while gazing behind them evermore,
Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet, pale faces
A light begin
To tremble, as if from holy places
And shrines within.

"And at times, methinks, their cold lips move
With hymn and prayer,
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love
And hope were there.

"I call on the souls who have left the light,
To reveal their lot ;
I bend mine ear to that Wall of light,
And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear,
And a sound like the slow, sad dropping of rain,
Each drop a tear !

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and, day by day,
I am moving thither :
I must pass beneath it on my way —
God pity me ! — WHITHER ?"

Ah, soul of mine, so brave and wise
In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd !

Now standing apart with God and me,
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent ;
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain :
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
 Whate'er thou fearest;
 Round Him in calmest music rolls
 Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
 And the end He knoweth,
 And not a blind and aimless way
 The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show
 Is alone before him;
 Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,
 And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind!
 The steps of Faith
 Fall on the seeming void, and find
 The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
 For thy sure possessing;
 Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast
 Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from Death,
 That phantom wan?
 There is nothing in heaven, or earth beneath,
 Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows, we turn from Him
 And from one another;
 All is spectral, and vague, and dim,
 Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof, all destinies
 Are woven fast,
 Link'd in sympathy like the keys
 Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
 Break but one
 Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
 through all will run.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain
 Beyond thy sphere?—
 Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
 Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
 All thou hast given;
 Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
 His bliss thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
 All are in God's care:
 Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
 And He is there!

All which is real now remaineth,
 And fadeth never:
 The Hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
 The soul forever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness
 His own thy will,
 And with strength from Him shall thy utter
 weakness
 Life's task fulfil:

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
 Lies dark in view,
 Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
 Be stricken through.

And like meadow-mist through Autumn's dawn
 Uprolling thin,
 Its thickest folds when about thee drawn
 Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
 Why quierest thou?—
 The past and the time to be are one,
 And both are now!

J. G. WHITTIER.

SONG ON THE WATER.

BY T. L. BEDDOES.

I.

Wild with passion, sorrow-beladen,
 Bend the thought of thy stormy soul
 On its home, on its heaven, the loved maiden;
 And peace shall come at her eyes' control.
 Even so night's starry rest possesses
 With its gentle spirit these tamed waters,
 And bids the wave, with weedy tresses
 Embower the ocean's pavement stilly
 Where thesea-girls lie, the mermaid-daughters,
 Whose eyes, not born to weep,
 More palely-lidded sleep,
 Than in our fields the lily;
 And sighing in their rest
 More sweet than is its breath;
 And quiet as its death
 Upon a lady's breast.

II.

Heart high-beating, triumph bewreathed,
 Search the record of loves gone by,
 And borrow the blessings by them bequeathed
 To deal from out of thy victory's sky.
 Even so, throughout the midnight deep,
 The silent moon doth seek the bosoms
 Of those dear mermaid-girls asleep,
 To feed its dying rays anew,
 Like to the bee on earthly blossoms,
 Upon their silvery whiteness,
 And on the rainbow brightness
 Of their eyelashes' dew,
 And kisseth their limbs o'er:
 Her lips where they do quaff
 Strike starry tremors off,
 As from the waves our oar.

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still,
 With soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
 And echo answer softer from the hill,
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail! light serene; hail! sacred Sabbath morn.
 The rooks float silently by, in airy drove;
 The sun placid yellow lustre shows;
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
 Have hushed their downy wings in sweet
 repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
 So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FAMILY HISTORY.

WE are a very patient race, we British people. To tell plain truth, we receive abuse with a certain complacency, and are never better pleased with our Mentors than when they set us down—in the abstract—as guilty of all the faults and meannesses under the skies. We are always glad to make the most of our national foibles, and the man who denounces his fellows boldly, and with just a little discretion, is your true popular orator. In pursuance of this characteristic tendency, we have very generally given in to the idea that we are the greatest snobs in Christendom, holding our title as something half divine; yet this is by no means the fact, though a great many people say it; and Mr. Thackeray draws a very unphilosophical conclusion when he makes out his verdict after this sweeping fashion. We are not snobs—pure snob-bishness is a vice of “society,” and “society” is a plague almost exclusively belonging to London. Yet even in town, and even among people who love peerages, and read with relish the column of fashionable intelligence, the pervading spirit, we are bold to assert, is not the spirit of a snob. Larger, warmer, more human, most admirable satirist, is the curiosity which inspires *our* breast. Do you suppose we would not be very much more edified could we ascertain all about the family, income, prospects, and connections of Mr. Jones, next door, than by all our scraps of information concerning the Right Honorable Earl or the noble Marquess? But unfortunately, after all due and legitimate exertions, we are obliged to confess that we know nothing about Mr. Jones, who his wife was, and who his visitors are, and what were those parties in which he was wont to recreate himself during the season, disturbing our sober slumbers by the noise of his return—even where he has gone to now, when the season is over, and he has closed up all his shutters;—all these things are a secret and a mystery beyond the reach of finding out, and neither blue book, nor red book, nor Post-office Directory, can give us any information more satisfactory than that his name is Robert instead of John. Then that gay old couple over the way, who also have closed up their shutters, but who, to the evident testimony

of our eyes and observation, have not gone out of town—what are they doing over there in their dark drawing-room, these ancient, festive, kindly old people, who look so gay in their childless solitude? Why don't they go out of town? and wherefore make believe that they do? If we could but be satisfied on these points, do you think we would take the trouble to concern ourselves about the princely movements of Sutherland House or Belgrave Square?

It is our own fate to dwell in a neighborhood of the intensest respectability. When we take our humble mid-day walk (not now, dearest reader—only, we beg you to observe, at the proper season when it is proper to be in town), amusing and amazing it is to mark that procession of most comfortable broughams, with their quiet liveries and sleek brown horses, turning out of all the mysterious back regions in an uninterrupted line. But who is about to drive out in these respectable vehicles, who it is who drives a pair, who rejoices in the greys, and disturbs the sombre atmosphere of quiet wealth with liveries white and red,—that, alas! unless we devoted our life to the inquiry, we must never hope to know. Even those Croydon baskets full of children, trundling along on their low wheels with the quiet pony which mamma can manage, and the blue-coated man, evident major-domo and family man-of-all-work, hanging on, a sad overbalance, behind, puzzle and defeat all our inquiries. Our excellent neighbors wrap themselves up in the impervious veil of respectability. There is no getting at them save by introductions and “mutual friends,” morning calls and evening parties. No safety-valve remains for our most natural, laudable, and human curiosity, yet we remain curious notwithstanding, and what can we do but turn to the only possible gossiping within our reach? It is hopeless to ascertain what watering-place is graced by the presence of Mrs. Jones, but we can find out where the Countess of Gaunt has established her autumnal retirement, and a good deal about her amusements and occupations, and who has joined her “distinguished circle,” not to speak of a glance by the way into the private affairs of Lady Arabella and Lord Charles. We repeat, we are not snobs, but with candor we confess that we love an “interior,” and rejoice in a chance glimpse

within doors, be it of a cottage kitchen bright with firelight, or a wayside parlor where the candles are being lighted, and before the attendant John or Mary has drawn down the blinds. There is no benevolent Asmodeus to open for us the houses of our neighbors, no charitable Burke to let us in, in kindly sympathy, to the family history of the excellent people next door and over the way. And if we console ourselves with a stray glance now and then into the domestic concerns of those greater folk who are accustomed to be looked at, and who feel themselves a proper and laudable object of curiosity to all the world, are we for that innocent reason to be elevated to the pillory of Mr. Thackeray? No! We love gossip, we confess. We do not love the man who does not love gossip, we are bound to acknowledge, in general, and as a matter of taste we prefer talking about our neighbors to any more abstract discussion, and we are decidedly of opinion that it is better to look in at the palace windows than to give up the chance of any "interior" at all.

Fortunately, however, the past lies open to us with all its stores; and the most enlightened critic in the world cannot find fault with our delighted eagerness when we hasten to look into the Castle of Balcarra, the mansion-house of Jerviswood, or the ancient family circle of the Lairds of Caldwell in the west. Within these volumes of delightful gossip lie the makings of history. Yet better than that, for our purpose and pleasure, who are not historical students—a wealth of character and manners—of old-world wisdom, learning, simplicity, and foolishness—of tender family affection—family courage, honor, wit, and nobleness, seldom equalled, and nowhere to be surpassed. Family history, come at it how you will—yes, dearest reader, if it be even in the way of gossip, history which is in the making, the story of to-day, is one of the most delightful of all studies—stranger, quainter, more out of the way and unusual than all the inventions of fictions—full of real vicissitudes and actual providences more wonderful than the wildest chances of romances, and varieties of human thought and feeling, which the greatest imagination in the world could not devise. Which of us is there who has not smiled aside at those expedients of the story-teller which we our-

selves were the first to condemn as against probability, while we yet remembered well how much stranger and less probable were the real turning-points of our own or of our brother's fate. But we cannot carry our story to the world for its instant conviction—that world which in its secret heart is as conscious of the truth as we are. The household history lies buried under mountain weights of love and pity and tenderness, and the bravest hearts of the domestic circle hide their own heroisms and sufferings more jealously than crimes. The heartbreak of the mother, were it known, might leave a blight on the good fame of the child—the self-sacrifice of one brother, were it told aloud, might show only too clearly the self-seeking of another, and the family heroes hold their peace, and the family historians dare not speak. We say again and again, every one of us, that truth is stranger than fiction, but no man among us ventures to proclaim how he knows it to be so.

A chance reference in quite another department of study threw into our hands, some time ago, a little volume very little known, which, though we remember to have seen it several times quoted, is, we are sure, to the general public, very near as good as manuscript. It is a brief account—not a memoir nor biography, being too short for either—of two remarkable people of the period of the Revolution—Grisell Baillie, born a Hume of Polwarth, and her husband, Baillie of Jerviswood. The instant association which suggested to our own mind at sight of this tiny volume the larger and more important word of Lord Lindsay,* requires no explanation. Lord Lindsay's book, though it bears ballast of heavier metal, is, in its most delightful episode, so much akin and alike to the modest production of the younger Grisell Baillie, that we glance instinctively from the one to the other as kindred portraits fitly placed together. We have no excuse of novelty—not even the apology of a new edition—to justify in any attempt at a critical review of these works, nor have we any such intention; but we are perfectly assured that many a reader, tired at once of story-telling and philosophy—of the marks which veil the face of the present time, and of the sad attempts it makes at self-elucidation—will be glad to glance back with us,

* *Lives of the Lindsays.*

even though it be into the eighteenth century, into those hearts and homes of antique fashion, whose simplicity neither family pride, old-world etiquette, conscious rank, nor half-conscious genius could lessen or destroy.

First of all, and to begin with, let us state our conviction — which conviction we cast boldly a glove of defiance in the face Sir A. Alison, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, Earl Stanhope — all and sundry historians of the day. They do very well in their own way, and within their own standing-ground, these accomplished gentlemen, but your true domestic chronicler, your real historian of homes and manners — let nobody deny it — is a woman. Lord Lindsay, though few men write better, and though his archaic knowledge and amount of study was, we have no doubt, tenfold greater than her ladyship's, is fairly worsted and beaten within the pages of his own book by that Lady Anne, to whose melodious title we are not disposed to add any surname — the Lady Anne of Auld Robin Gray; and we have no esteem for the man who would not throw aside the most brilliant pictorial sketch of the most popular of writers for Lady Murray's picture of her mother — so noble, so unaffected, so tender and true. A series of such pictures — and many such, we do not doubt, exist unrevealed in family records and private memoirs — would do more to expound the real character of a country — above all of such a country as Scotland — than all the statistical accounts, and all the political movements in the world.

It would almost seem as if the Scottish female character — no disparagement to maiden or to matron in the earlier stages of development — effloresced into its fullest bloom and beauty in the old lady. Who does not know, or has not known, some living example of that fair old age — so fresh, so sweet, so pure — of which Lady Murray says, "She was middle-sized, well made, clever (*Anglice*, active) in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon . . . and to her last had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen?" Eyes as dewy and as bright as the eyes of youth, cheeks as soft in their sweet wrinkles as the cheek of a child, the silver-white hair a crown of glory, and

every touch of age a touch of tenderness. Who does not recall some such figure as this, some one in whose presence every man who had ever loved the name, instinctively thought upon the mother of his own heart? It would be easy to enlarge the picture: the "kindly Scots," idiomatic and expressive, refined out of all vulgarness — the withered shapely hands, whose touch of kindness was like a blessing — the breath of arbitrariness and authority, the tone sometimes a little peremptory and dominant — the habit of rule which gave precision and individuality to the character, and preserved it from the bland perfection of mere love and gentleness. Is the race fading out of the world it blessed and brightened? or is it only our own ideal and exemplar of one, that we fear to look for the kindred face which might remind us too sadly of all that we had lost?

And then the old unwedded ladies of the same period and kind: those whom it was the interest of the world to keep unwedded — such friends, councillors, and aids they were, nearer than kindred. Old ladies, sometimes with harsh enough angularities of character, sometimes very plain in speech, yet somehow preserving about them a certain subtle bloom of maidenhood, the hidden delicate atmosphere in which they carried safe into old age the purified romance of youth — are there any such old maids now as Doctor Anne Keith, the Mrs. Martha Bethune Balliol of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*? We do not know; but we can still come at her veritable presence — and still enter the company where the old Countess of Balcarra smiles to tell how at ninety every one compliments her on her good looks, thanks to the intermediate agency of Lord Lindsay. We do not know whether these domestic records move other readers as they do ourselves; but for our part, we confess our heart warms to the tale, and we are not only proud of the blood and the nation which produces this vision and reality of good women, but cannot help identifying our mother-country herself, Scotland — noble, homelike, and kindly, with such names as those of the Ladies of Balcarra, of Anne Keith, and of Grisell Hume.

There is little opportunity now-a-days, so far at least as the world knows, for the valor and the self-command, the ready wit, the entire devotion and self-sacrifice, the

desperate expedients and the agonies of endurance, by which times of revolution and great public vicissitude developed the greatest faculties in the tenderest hearts. Our energies are no longer taxed to the utmost to conceal the hiding-place or aid the flight of our dearest friends. We are no longer oppressed and no longer under the temptation of using oppression towards others, at least in any public fashion. In the quiet course of modern life there are few hair-breadth escapes to startle our natural powers into full action, and few emergencies in which these natural powers are all we have to trust to, under Heaven, for life and safety. The shock of distant battle, the concussion of great events, do not affect as first causes our daily life. A sudden edict of supreme authority can no longer make us fugitives, or set price upon our heads. These are great blessings; yet, perhaps, while we fully appreciate these, we do not at the same time quite understand what a noble culture that was, and how danger, poverty, and exile, the heroic uses of adversity, quickened the intellect and strengthened the character of even the secondary personages who had share in them. The eighteenth century certainly was no great result to be elaborated out of the struggles and sufferings of the preceding age; yet, debased in art and poor in literature, the beginning of this eighteenth century was, notwithstanding, as wealthy in character as any age of history. Individual faces, most distinct and recognizable, brighten through the haze on every hand. There was little genius in the high places; but there were great powers, great individuality, a very remarkable number of able people, capable of distinction themselves, and most worthy of awarding it, in the grades below. We have little to do with London and its brilliant gossip collection of coteries, where society, if a little more piquant and original, and a good deal less innocent, was at least as false as society is now. That this period should have attracted the special favor and attention of two of the most brilliant "wits" of our own day, Macaulay and Thackeray, is an odd enough testimonial in its favor. But in Edinburgh, and in such hereditary houses as that castle which Lady Anne Lindsay, with a touch of the prevailing mannerism of the day, delights to call the *chateau* of Balcarras, we recognize with

delight not only the fulness and variety of character which distinguishes the larger world, but with manners of a quainter old-world simplicity, and individual peculiarities still odder and more peculiar—an atmosphere simpler, sincerer, and better, and a standing-ground more tangible and evident of the old piety and the old faith.

Grisell Hume of Polwarth,* the eldest daughter of a Scotch gentleman of note among the persecuted Presbyterians of his time, and who afterwards attained to an earldom and high office in the State, though she lived until after the '45 to pity and to aid the sufferers in that wild adventure, was born very soon after the Restoration of the Stuarts. She was the eldest of a large family; and her father (who has been so unfortunate as to fall, in those latter days, under the ban of Mr. Macaulay) was a man of restless and energetic spirit, active in all the enterprises of his time. Born of this parentage, this brave and "clever" young messenger, so little likely to be suspected of carrying treasonable communications, makes a very early appearance on the historic scene. At twelve years old, an envoy from her father's house in the country to the prison of the father of her future husband in Edinburgh, the little traveller accomplished her singular mission, which was "to get admittance to the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter into his (the prisoner's) hand of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could," so well, that her daughter quaintly adds, "From that time I reckon her hardships began, from the confidence was put in her, and the activity she naturally had, far beyond her age, in executing whatever she was intrusted with." A most significant mortality, full of meaning. The young Grisell could and would do what was given her to do, and hence-forward there was little leisure for her in a world where so many hard things have to be done, and so few have the will to do them. There is a wonderful interest always in these innocent heroisms of children, half conscious, done chiefly in loyal obedience because the father or the mother ordained it so; and one can imagine so well the stout little heart

* *Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Honorable George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grisell Baillie.* By their Daughter, LADY MURRAY of Stanhope. Printed at Edinburgh, 1824.

trudging along the lengthy country-road, drawing near the old town and its prison, too innocent for fear, yet fluttering at the thought of the grave saint and patriarch to whom these young hands carried words of consolation. Girls of twelve years old, though they have a thousand privileges unknown to this one, have few such ennobling and generous errands now.

Then Sir Patrick Hume himself fell into trouble, and had to remain in careful hiding, often pursued and searched for. In this emergency, his refuge was in the family burying-vault under the church of Polwarth, whither came this same child at midnight, night by night, with her head full of all the ghostly stories of the countryside, and her ears wakeful and eager, taking every rustling leaf less for a spectre than a soldier, and afraid of nothing so much as those wandering parties of troopers, who might discover, unlikely though it was, her father's hiding-place. The sheep's head, stolen into her lap in secret from the family table, that no one might suspect there was another mouth to feed—the "haill sheep's head," which the dismayed little brother accused Grisell of eating. The little maid, "stumbling over the grass every night alone," troubled by the barking of the minister's dogs, terrified to be seen by some untimely passenger, yet making "great entertainment" to the gaunt hermit in the family vault by "many a diverting story" of these devices for his nightly provision. These are pictures not to be looked at save with a swelling heart and a full eye. We might quote this little book entire, did we follow in every particular its noble and touching story, yet we cannot refrain from one full-length sketch of a most interesting household scene. The house of a banished Scottish plotter, an extreme Presbyterian, one of that gloomy and terrible sect of Calvinists on whom, in these days, it is proper to look with a certain fashionable horror—a family of exiles waiting on Providence for the slow-coming opportunity which might carry them back to the home they loved, and the lands of which they had been despoiled—living in poverty, even their honorable name disguised among the friendly Dutch at Utrecht, while King James blundered on to his destruction in London, and sombre William pondered on coming fortune at the

Hague. At this momentous time, the pause of fate, and under these circumstances, it is pleasant to see how these Scottish gentlefolks, proud, poor, and religious, kept house in their exile; and this is how the story goes:—

"Their great desire was to have a good house, as their greatest comfort was at home; and all the people of the same way of thinking, of which there was great numbers, were continually with them. They paid for their house, what was very extravagant for their income, near a fourth part; they could not afford any servant but a little girl to wash the dishes. All the time they were there, there was not a week my mother (Grisell) did not sit up two nights to do the business that was necessary. She went to the market, went to the mill to have their corn ground—which it seems is the way with good managers there—dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and, in short, did everything. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother, and the rest who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpeichord for little money, but is a *Rucar* now in my custody, and most valuable. My aunt played and sang well, and had a great deal of life and humor, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations. Every morning, before six, my mother lighted her father's fire in his study, then waked him (he was ever a good sleeper, which blessing, among many others, she inherited from him), then got him, what he usually took as soon as he got up, warm small-beer, with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he continued his whole life, and of which I have the receipt. Then she took up the children and brought them all to his room, where he taught them everything which was fit for their age—some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c., and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school: and my mother, when she had a moment's time, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs, of her writing when there, many of them interrupted, half-writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence. She had no less a turn for mirth

and society than any of the family, when she come at it without neglecting what she thought more necessary.

"Her eldest brother, Patrick, who was nearest her age, and bred up together, was her most dearly beloved. My father (Baillie of Jerviswood) was then, forfeited and exiled, in the same situation with themselves. She had seen him, for the first time, in the prison with his father, not long before he suffered; and from that time their hearts were engaged. Her brother and my father were soon got in to ride in the Prince of Orange's guards, till they were better provided for in the army. They took their turn in standing sentry at the Prince's gate, but always contrived to do it together. Though their station was then low, they kept up their spirits. I could relate many stories on that subject. My mother could talk for hours and never tire of it, always saying it was the happiest and most delightful part of her life. Her constant attention was to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress: they wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place; and one of their greatest expenses was in dressing him as he ought to be.

"As their house was always full of unfortunate banished people like themselves, they seldom went to dinner without three or four or five of them, to share with them; and many a hundred times I have heard her say she could never look back upon their manner of living then without thinking it a miracle; they had no wants, but plenty of everything they desired, and much contentment, and always declared it the most pleasing part of her life, though they were not without their little distresses; but to them they were rather jokes than grievances. The professors and men of learning in the place came often to see my grandfather. The best entertainment he could give them was a glass of allerbest beer, which was a better kind of ale than common. He sent his son Andrew, the late Lord Kimmerghame, a boy, to draw some for them in the cellar; he brought it up with great diligence, but in his other hand the spigot of the barrel. My grandfather said, 'Andrew, what is that in your hand?' When he saw it, he ran down with speed, but the beer was all run out before he got there: this occasioned much mirth, though perhaps they did not well know how to get more.

"It is the custom there to gather money for the poor from house to house, with a bell to warn people to give it. One night the bell came, and no money was then in the house, but an orkey, which is a doit, the

smallest of all coin. Everybody was so ashamed, no one would go to give it, it was so little, and put it from one to t'other; at last my grandfather said, 'Well then, I'll go with it; we can do no more than give all we have.' They were often reduced to this by the delay of the ships coming from Scotland with their small remittances; then they put up the little plate they had (all of which was carried with them) in the Lumber, which is pawning it, till the ships came; and that very plate they brought with them again to Scotland, and left no debt behind them."

If this little book were more generally known, we should feel it incumbent upon us to excuse ourselves for so long an extract; but the story is not lengthy after all, and will not bear abridgement; and we trust it will teach some one to look through the Dutch mist of the Revolution, and through the unlovely veil which many prejudices have thrown over Scotland at the same period, with a warm heart and a kindly eye at this brightest of family pictures. For our own part, we confess it freely, not even Lady Jane Grey, reading Plato in her window-seat, is to ourselves a prettier picture than Grisell Hume lighting the fire in her father's study, or "getting up" her young brother's point-lace ruffles; and we have not a moment's doubt that she did both these homely offices with the grace of a noble and refined gentlewoman as she was. We have all said and heard a great deal in recent day about Sydney Smith and his delightful household economies, brightest and cheeriest of modern thriftiness; but not even the odd happy parsonage at Foston among the clays comes up to the pleasant shifts and straits of the Scottish exile, with his ten children—the house, in Dutch Utrecht, of Sir Patrick Hume.

We cannot help glancing aside at an odd companion-picture and contrast to this, contained in the correspondence of a lady connected with the family of Caldwell, whose letters are to be found in the interesting papers collected from the records of that house, and published a few years ago under the auspices of the Maitland Club. Mrs. Scott, the lady in question, writing from Hanover, where her husband seems to have held some diplomatic post at the court of Electress Sophia, a generation later than the Dutch experiences of the family of Hume, has by no means so pleasant a picture to

present to her friends at home. Troubled with the advent of babies and the misde-manners of servants — dismayed at the “divisions” of the court, and the general want of religion — vexed on every hand by “those Dutch boors” who will not “go out of their way” so much as to set up her bed to her satisfaction, it is not wonderful that this unfortunate gentlewoman’s temper, doubtless a little irascible to begin with, should now and then give way. The calmness of exasperation with which she speaks occasionally is very amusing — as for example, —

“It’s no wonder one inclines to be melancholy here. For beside the alienation they have to the Brittons, y^e is no possibility to keep their company without gaming; nor is their conversation worth a farthing, since, besides dressing, painting, and a court courtesy, few of them know anything. And yet they believe themselves a standard that mankind should be guided by. I don’t distrust God’s providence, who either will send better or give us contentment with what we have; but to live among a parcel of brutes who value you more for a fine suit, and throwing your money away at play, than for managing yourself like a reasonable creature!”

And again, —

“If the weather with you be such as we have had, it may be wondered any keep their health; for here we have had two months daily rain, and now such excessive heats that the very dust and all becomes living insects. It is like y^e plague of flies the Egyptians was molested with — and so desperately they bite that boiles is occasioned by them; but this is nothing here! You cannot imagine what a parcel of cheating brutes the workpeople is here. Pray, don’t forget to send me two pairs of candlesticks, for here they are ill, and triple price. I tell you we live in a town destitute of all things (that is to be found everywhere) but rich broccards. . . . I part with my Mademosell (a nurse who had been falsely recommended to her) when I enter my house. I understand her reputation is such that for two years she was refused the Sacrament; but when she was to be recommended to me they admitted her, that they with a better grace might put her in my hands. You see what hopeful folk we live among, and how complaisant they are — that even the things most sacred and holy in other places are distributed in ordinary charity.”

The afflictions of the court lady make a very good poise for the homely content of the

exiles in their poverty. Mrs. Scott, however, we are glad to say, becomes more satisfied after a time, congratulates herself that “I am now free of all those narrow ways of thinking I formerly had” — makes many shrewd, clever, and somewhat dogmatic remarks about education and things in general, and in one of her late letters shows an amusing sparkle of temper, and characteristic motherly impartiality. Writing to Mrs. Mure, she says, “I never had those letters you mention, nor any from my brother, save one in August last, wherein he was pleased to find fault in a very wrong place — to wit, my education of Lerty, *which, if I may judge by the success, was irreproachable.*” This is extremely good, and as natural and lifelike as possible. The Caldwell Papers show a decided lack of gossip and femininity — they are too weighty, important, and historical to be ranked as merely family history; but among the press of more important matters, it is quite pleasant to meet with the little grievances, judicial deliverances, and sparks of temper of Mrs. Scott.

When the trials of the Revolution were over, when the exile of Utrecht was Chancellor of Scotland, the family of Hume enriched and enobled, and the brave Grisell, married to her early love — he to whom her heart had been engaged since the two young consolars met in the prison of the aged hero and martyr, the first distinguished Baillie of Jerviswood — was in the second period of her eventful and vigorous life, undertaking “the whole management of the affairs of her brother Lord Polwarth,” as she had once undertaken his cravat and his ruffles, a young James Lindsay of Balcarras, tempted into the rebellion of “the Fifteen” by the handsome, gay, fickle, extravagant Earl Colin of Balcarras, the youth’s father, was getting pardoned by the influence of Argyll and Marlborough, and the exertions of his friends. This Earl Colin, the same Lord Balcarras who figures among the foremost Jacobite intriguers of the period in the recent volumes of Mr. Macaulay, though a man of weight, influence, and boldness, and one of the very few among James’ friends who ventured to speak plain truth to that unhappy prince, is one of those men whose exploits we invariably speak of and hear of with a smile. A Scotch nobleman of long descent, born with the gay and reckless

spirit which we instinctively call Irish, his lucklessness never does him much damage, and his good fortune yields him no advantage. Beginning life at sixteen in the court of Charles II., and ending it nearly three-score years after in the patrimonial castle, in the reign of the first Dutch George, this patriarch looks just as young, as hairbrained, and as rash at one period as the other, and rushes into that mad and hopeless attempt at rebellion with the impetuosity of a boy. His second son and ultimate successor, James, is of a different temper. Earl Colin had "no end of wives;" and Lord Lindsay wisely refrains from any attempt at description in detail of the many ladies Balcarras who shared the fortunes of his gay and gallant ancestor. But Earl James, out of an active and strangely-varied youth—at one time a naval officer in the service of the established government—at another, a rebel leader in the attempt against them—and once more, with no great interval of time between, holding a commission in the British army—settled down out of this eventful beginning to a long period of ill health and valetudinarianism, chiefly distinguished by a most tender and affectionate correspondence with an only sister in still feebler health than himself. After all Earl Colin's intrigues and vagaries, it is strange to fall into this family lull, in which, one might have supposed—represented only by an invalid brother and sister, both growing old, unwedded and childless, and united by one of those romantic and devoted fraternal attachments which so frequently prevent the formation of other ties—the house of Balcarras was fading towards its end. But the good Lady Betty died, and her brother was left to his own resources. Then he served another campaign, and was present at the battle of Fontenoy; but finding no advancement possible to a rebel of "the Fifteen," returned home to Balcarras to his books, his farming, and his country neighbors—no very exciting society for the soldier and traveller. Then at sixty, a courtly and dignified old gentleman, Earl James fell in love; and by dint of very genuine passion, overpowering disappointment, and a real fever occasioned by the same, managed to marry, somewhat against her will, a pretty young lady, by whose means the waning race of Balcarras sprang up from its ashes

like a phoenix, and dispersed to all the airs again in the exploits of eight bold Lindsays the renown of its ancestral name. The old man, one must suppose to his own extreme surprise as well as jubilation, after sixty years of solitary bachelorship, found himself surrounded at last by a family of eleven children—three daughters, beautiful and witty, and eight brave boys.

We do not think there exists a more delightful sketch of family life than that of this household of Balcarras, as recorded by the sprightly pen of Lady Anne, the eldest of the band. The countess, one of the long line of admirable mothers with which—a blessing beyond computation—the house of Lindsay seems to have been favored for many generations, was somewhat arbitrary and harsh in her treatment of her young children, according to their historian; but not even the confinement in the red-curtained room, which established for the heir of the house, during his whole life, a connection between red curtains and naughtiness; not even the lecture which prompted one earnest petition—"O my lady, my lady," said little Robert, "whip me, and let me go, if you please?" seems to have had any injurious effect upon the spirit and courage of those delightful little Lindsays. The young rogues, however, planned, and partly executed, a flight from the domestic despotism; here it is:

"As we conceived the tasks of languages, geography, arithmetic, under which we labored, were harder than those laid on the children of Israel, which produced a revolt, Margaret, who had a taste for public speaking, taking the lead, assembled us one day in our favorite temple, and proposed an insurrection.

"She complained of hard laws and little pay, and assured us, if we would be ruled by her, that she would carry us to a family, where she had once spent a week after the hooping-cough very agreeably indeed. She was certain they would receive us kindly, and as they had no children of their own, they would make us welcome to live with them, which would be much better than the 'horrious' life we lived at home.

"This being the only word in the course of Margaret's life that she was ever known to slip-slop, I am glad to transmit it against her to posterity.

"The proposal was agreed to with acclamations of joy, and we instantly set out on our journey, intending by forced marches to

reach the neighbor's house that night, as it was but three miles distant, and by the side of the sea; but as we could not think of leaving little James behind, who had not yet got into breeches, it considerably retarded us, as we had to carry him by turns. Our flight was discovered by old Robin Gray, the shepherd. 'All the young gentlemen, and all the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady!' A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate but to bring us back *volens volens*, the six criminals were carried before the countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb, to teach us to stay at home."

But the house contained a somewhat miscellaneous company beside the young Lindsay. Lady Balcarras seems to have had a taste for eccentricity. There was Lady Dalrymple, quaint, gentle, and indolent, the grandmamma of the house, of whom Lady Anne tells some wildly-absurd anecdotes, and quotes one kind and beautiful grandmotherly letter. Then there was an extraordinary *lusus nature*, a middle-aged gentlewoman, known as Miss Sophy Johnston, who ought to have been born a fox-hunting squire, and was the unfortunate victim of a parental experiment, which shows us, among so much good, one of the very bad features of the times. Her father, the kind of man "commonly called an odd dog," persuaded his complacent wife to join with him in a vow, that this poor child was to be taught nothing, and never to have her spirit broken by contradiction. The consequence was, that Miss Sophy grew into "an odd dog" herself; hunted, wrestled, played on the fiddle, worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than a smith, had a private forge fitted up in her boudoir, was by no means delicate in her tastes or language, and, worst of all, lived and died an infidel. This is the shadow in the picture, otherwise so bright. But in contrast to Miss Sophy appears a fantastic romantical little woman, the governess, in everything but name, of the young ladies, a penniless protégé of Lady Balcarras, who very nearly breaks her heart at the idea of salary, and is one of the oddest instances of sentiment, temper, pride, and lovingness imaginable—an admirable type of an ancient family dependent, liable to fits of the most dire and sudden offence for fancied slight or injury, standing desperately upon

her dignity, killed by the offer of remuneration, yet ready and capable of doing anything for love. The society of Balcarras was further graced and enriched by the presence of Mrs. Cockburn, "a woman of genius,"—the writer of the beautiful "Flowers of the Forest," with which everybody is acquainted—a lady, however, who in spite of the warm and affectionate panegyrics of Lady Anne, and a still greater authority, Sir Walter, strikes us as just a little "strong-minded" and David Humish in her tone. Let us add to these the dignified and womanly presence of Anne, countess of Balcarras, the beautiful young wife of an old man, one of those impersonations of pure and graceful matronhood, self-sustained and almost solitary in her unequal marriage, which appeal to our imagination almost more than wives more fitly mated; and the patriarchal old head of the house, a chivalrous old paladin, whom the very thieves refused to rob because his doors are always open; who waxes warm after dinner over the beauty and the wrongs of Queen Mary, and "never meets a carriage without stopping it to inquire whether he could be of service to the ladies;" and their eleven fair children, full of character, spirit, and variety; and we cannot help thinking it an extremely judicious opinion, what was, as Lady Anne says, "indeed a sort of creed in our family, that it was impossible anybody at Balcarras could wish to be anywhere else."

Earl James, who loved his namesake the Apostle, and had peculiar "delight in his catholic Epistle, as that emphatically of a gentleman, a term implying, in his acceptance of it, all Christian excellence and perfection," and whose chivalrous mind and "distinguished personal manners" it is impossible to doubt, died, in the course of nature, after but a few years' enjoyment of this family life, leaving a memoir of his own times to his children. And Lord Lindsay gives an extract from a letter of the odd little governess, which conveys a very touching picture of the old man's contemplation of his end. She says, after protesting that "I think much less of that momentary thing death than most people,"—"Perhaps my ease in this affair may proceed from having been these fifteen years accustomed to speak of it almost without ceasing; for Lord Balcarras, with as great coolness, used to speak

of things he would have done after he was dead, and for his amusement, I may say, used to write his will, and consulted us all about it, without either one or another lamenting: in short, his dying was so much spoken of by himself and those that loved him most, as prevented its surprising either his lordship or his family when the event happened." Quaint enough, yet full of a natural grace and pathos too; and how fine is this willing and cheerful conclusion of the prolonged patriarchal life!

And now we enter upon the fortunes of the children, those generous, affectionate, sprightly brothers and sisters, whom it is refreshing and good to look at, and whose story must have recalled to many a member of many a scattered family the freshest and most pleasant time of their own lives. As they all branch off one by one to their several fortunes, the young earl and three of his brothers to the army, the little Robert, who desired to be whipped and let go, to India, which he reached in that happy time when it was possible to make fortunes there, and one to the church, and two to the sea, we come into more direct personal acquaintance with Lady Anne, and her beautiful sister, Lady Margaret—she who "had a turn for public speaking," and led the childish insurrection long ago. Lady Margaret, though she too could write sprightly letters, seems to have been one of those pensive and tender spirits, "most gentle, most unfortunate," whom Providence seems sometimes to select to make a life of sorrow and privation lovely. She had a husband, who not only ruined but disgraced himself, a clouded widowhood, disturbed by some unexplained troubles, and died early. In the depression caused by her departure after her marriage, Lady Anne, alone at Balcarras, made the little poem, the single and exquisite production of her life which has conferred upon her name a pleasant immortality. The young lady was dull and sad without her favorite sister—doubtless moved at the heart by that strange sense of change and breaking up which comes into a family with the first marriage—and wanted words for a favorite old tune which was not wedded to fit verse. From these two very ordinary circumstances came the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," one of those perfect and unimprovable works of genius which throw all critics *hors de combat*, and which

the whole world receives into its heart. How anything so exquisite and complete as this could be the single production of its author is a strange fact enough, though not quite unparalleled; for our other heroine, Grisell Baillie, struck one note too, and only one, from the universal harp, in that ballad, much less known than Lady Anne's, and much less perfect in expression, which yet conveys so wonderful and subtle an expression of the sick heart—"Werena my heart licht, I would dee." There are lines in Lady Anne's ballad unparalleled, so far as we are aware, in depth of insight and perfect simplicity of expression—as, for instance, what words of passion ever did or ever could express the womanly despair and heartbreak like these, most touching, most significant—"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin"? The whole little history—the unhappy combining of circumstances, no one being to blame—the woeful pity for herself and her true love of the pure-hearted girl who "darena think of Jamie, for that would be a sin"—the forlorn resolution to be a good wife—the melancholy and exquisite touch of gratitude to the old husband—make up a picture so complete and moving, so "pure womanly" and true to nature, that we cannot but repeat our surprise to find it the only work of its writer. Very remarkable in the history of literature are these single songs—the costly aloe-blossom which comes once in a lifetime—the concentration and soul of poetry blooming strangely, once and never more, out of a mind which is not, by natural right, the mind of a poet. The old friend and correspondent, Mrs. Cockburn, has in some degree a reputation like that of Lady Anne; but "I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling," although fine verses are in no way to be compared to the living and breathing story of the other ballad. Lady Wardlaw altogether strikes a bolder note; and perhaps the one ballad of Grisell Baillie comes nearest, after all, to the solitary song of Lady Anne. We are no *fanatics* in musical matters, yet for the love we bear its author, for all the associations connected with her name, and for its own most touching and pathetic sake, we should feel greatly grateful to any one who would put within the reach of the public the genuine air of Lady Grisell's song, "Werena my heart licht, I would dee."

Coming back to Lady Grisell for a moment — while the young Lindsays are making their fortunes, we find her going on upon her way, clothed in strength and honor, the very woman of the Proverbs; and indeed it is impossible to look at her life without thinking of that beautiful picture, which, let manners change as they will, never grows old. What was true of Grisell in her childhood, remains true of her till her last day. There is an honest and evident reality about everything she has a share in; and it is enough to know that she has undertaken a duty, to be perfectly confident of its accomplishment. The moral of her admirable life is this, what she has to do she will do, be it hard or easy, pleasant or painful: the pressure of the *must* is strong upon her; she makes no reasonings with necessity — never runs away from anything, and is not scrupulous in inquiring whether another person ought to do the work laid on her full and willing hands. We all of us know very well by experiment how many lay down their burden, and will not bear it — how many throw their own cares upon the shoulders of others — and how popular is that philosophy which teaches how to avoid doing, rather than how to do. How many a man, full of idle strength, big limbed and minded, stands looking on at life, philosophically waiting for something to be done for him! But intellectual superiority, after all, does not show itself in superiority to ordinary duties; and the tools of life are ever for those who *will* handle them, as well as for those who *can*.

We cannot avoid one other extract, showing a virtue, not very common in these days, of quaint and downright honesty, perhaps remarkable enough even at that time. Lady Grisell, old and widowed, is in London with her family — her two daughters, widowed like herself, one by unhappy circumstances, and one by death; and her grandsons, the children of Lord Binning, and ancestors of the present noble family of Haddington — the year is “the ‘Forty-five” — the Highlanders are in possession of Edinburgh, and all supplies from Scotland are cut off: “When the situation of things made it impossible to get any money from Scotland, and what she had was at an end, she sent for her butcher, baker, brewer, &c., whom she regularly paid every month —

told them she could not then do so, and perhaps never might be able to pay them at all; of which she thought it just to give them warning, that they might choose whether they would continue to serve her. They all desired she would be in no pain, but take from them whatever she had occasion for; because they were sure, if ever she was able to pay them, she would; and if she was not, she was very welcome; which was the least they owed for such long punctual payment as they had got from her.”

Let any one imagine a fashionable lady in Belgravia calling a levee of astonished tradesmen, to make a similar communication; how the amazed Cockneys would open their eyes!

In leaving this little book, let us recommend any one who entertains the common prejudice against the gloom of Scottish religiousness, and the revengeful spirit exhibited by the once oppressed Presbyterians when they came into power, to make himself acquainted with this brief sketch of real life before he lets loose his opinion. Let such a one observe how Baillie of Jerviswood, the son of a martyr, after ineffectual pleading for the victims of the rebellion of 1715, shut himself up on the occasion of their execution. “When the two lords suffered, he stirred not out of his room, nor dressed himself for some days; and sent the rest of his family to assist and comfort the near relations of those who had suffered;” and when nothing else could be done, procured at least the last honorable rites of burial for the condemned Jacobite, the leader of his own political and personal enemies. Let such a critic also ponder Lady Murray’s touching explanation of her father’s gravity: “He stood the hardest trial of his courage and resolution at the age of nineteen, in seeing the execution of a most tender father, whom he dearly loved. I have often heard it was said by his mother and aunts, that it ever after gave that grave, silent, thoughtful turn to his temper, which before that time was not natural to him.” Few men worthy of entering upon such an argument would, we believe, refuse to be moved by so valid and worthy a reason. Last of all, we humbly recommend this tiny volume to the perusal of Mr. Macaulay, who, thoroughly versed as he is in the reign of Queen Anne and all its productions, does not seem to have ever come

across this modest and tender family monument—a story more moving than any romance.

It is impossible, in even a cursory glance at the lives and fortunes of six or seven young brothers, dispersed in all the different quarters of the world, to avoid learning a good deal of public and general history, as well as the experiences of the family and the individual; and the rank and circumstances of the Lindsays make this incidental teaching still more considerable. Earl Balcarras, for instance, fought in the American War, contributed to some of the more important successes of our army there; was a prisoner for some time in New York, and saw the end of our national relationship to that most considerable and important of colonies; while Lady Anne, his elder sister, was one of the diplomatic party which took possession of that other troublesome colony at the Cape on its cession by the Dutch, and seems to have done as thorough good service in the way of conciliating the disaffected Boers, who were not very amiable subjects for conciliation, as her brother did in fighting the Yankees, who were too nearly of our own blood and mettle to be conquered. And Robert, the second brother, lets us into the economies of British India, the government of the "Company," tricks of officials, and wiles of natives; the primitive cultivation of these remote Asiatic rice-fields, the most primitive circulating medium, the best way and means of maintaining authority and friendliness with the wild tribes of the hills—and his own honorable, persevering, and successful efforts at making a fortune; while his younger brother John reveals to us a dismal and heart-rending picture, the miserable dungeon at Seringapatam, where he and his brave comrades endured all that savage cruelty, neglect, and persecution,—all that physical destitution and suffering could do to brave men—how little they could effect, after all,—and how the undiscourageable hope, the noble patience, and stout heart, alike of officers and men, stood out, against all their horrible and long-continued trials, an Eastern captivity of nearly four years—it is pleasant to read after our own late experience of the undiminished spirit of our own brave defenders. At the same time James Lindsay died gallantly in battle at Cuddalore, and Colin

stood manfully in defence behind the rocky ramparts of Gibraltar. No inconsiderable circle, as our readers will perceive, of historical events of the first importance, are embraced within this brief epitome of the family chronicle—the American War and the war in India—the once dreadful names of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib—the siege of Gibraltar—the cession of the Cape of Good Hope. We are very glad to have our memory aided, and our general view of the history of the period enlarged, by remembering that in these events, so wide and diverse, the members of one family took active part.

Nor is it less pleasant to find, in the lively contemporary record, an animated presentation of matters bearing upon our own national history with which we have been acquainted—if, indeed, we knew them at all—only as dry historic facts. As, for example, in Lord Balcarras' manly and admirable speech, delivered in support of a bill for restoring the forfeited Jacobite estates, introduced into the House of Lords in 1784, we have a more direct instance of the surviving force and potency of the feeling of clanship in the Highlands than we were before acquainted with. After relating the eagerness with which the Jacobite exiles holding distinguished rank in the armies of foreign princes accepted inferior commissions in our own, he proceeds to say:—

"My Lords, it is here I take up the first name that presents itself on the face of this bill, which is that of Lord M'Leod, who was a major-general in Sweden, and invested with the order of merit by his Swedish majesty. It was no sooner reported that Lord M'Leod was to return to his country, than two thousand five hundred Mackenzies offered their services, provided his majesty would appoint Lord M'Leod to be their colonel. The king was pleased with the generosity of the offer, and granted their request. They were immediately embodied. One battalion of them were sent to the East Indies; and we had late accounts of the poor shattered remains of that corps, worn down by repeated campaigns in that noxious climate, with the same ardor and unabated zeal storming the lines of Cuddalore. The other battalion went to Gibraltar under the command of Colonel Mackenzie, brother to Lord M'Leod. I am not going to make a panegyric on that battalion; your lordships have made it before me; they received the thanks of every branch of the Legislature, and when they landed at Portsmouth, were

received with the acclamations of the people for the distinguished defence they made of Gibraltar. The clan of Macdonalds performed equal services under Colonel M'Donnell."

We are not particularly acquainted, for our own part, with this period of general history; and perhaps the interesting individuality which this statement gives to our general abstract knowledge, that Highland regiments were formed, and did good service, may not be so fresh and new to many of our readers as it is to ourselves; but we are sure there must be many more who will share with us in the pleasure of refreshing our general and vague *information*, by the personal and graphic narrative which takes a hold, so much more equable and lasting, of mind and memory.

So much for general history. Human life and character, which do not change nor grow old, are still more pleasantly represented in the lives and stories of these brothers. Robert, the prosperous agent of the Company, far away in the remote interior of India, making ventures which are constantly blessed, and developing the riches of his province, alike for his own benefit and that of his subjects,—Robert makes a communication to his young brother James, which James describes thus to the head of the house. "I had letters from Bob a few days ago; he seems to be highly pleased at some success he has had in trade, and he says he now begins to think himself a man worth money. He has written to me that he means 'to assist me in the purchase of a majority,' and desires me immediately to draw on him for £1500, that I may remit it to Europe for that purpose." Capital Bob! his own satisfaction with his prosperity overflows shortly after, in the same fashion, in notes addressed to his agent in England. Thus:—"Dacca, 29th July, 1783.—My dear sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that my fortune continues to accumulate daily, in such a manner as neither I nor my friends will ever be ashamed to own. As my circumstances will now admit it, I have requested my mother to accept of an annuity of £250 per annum, which you will please to carry to my debit according as it is paid." "16th Dec. 1783. Whatever sums of money belonging to me are realized in England over and above the sum I mentioned

in a former letter as appropriated to my mother, I request may be applied towards paying off the debts upon my brother Balcarras' estate." This is a method of expressing one's personal pleasure in one's own good fortune as uncommon as it is delightful. If the Lindsay's had been less rich than they are in family excellences, this one open heart alone seems enough to justify the affectionate family pride of a whole race.

Of Colin, "the soul of honor," whom his companions are said to have named Don Quixote, a paladin and man of chivalry like his father, it is amusing to have one very odd incident to record, throwing a whimsical glance of light into a beleagued garrison. Colin, the Bayard of his house, did actually undertake, for a base consideration of payment, another man's quarrel; and this is how the story goes:

During the siege of Gibraltar, "at a time when provisions were scarce, and every article in the way of comfort was exorbitantly dear, and a pound of tea cost a guinea, a little ship from Crail in Fife contrived to elude vigilance of the blockading squadron, and run in under protection of the guns of the fortress. The skipper or master of the vessel had no sooner landed than he had the misfortune to pick a quarrel with a young officer of the garrison, and was challenged to fight a duel. He had no acquaintance in the place, but knowing Captain Lindsay by name and country, he waited upon him, and, opening his grief, asked him to stand his friend and be his second, 'and if ye will,' he added, lowering his voice. 'I'll gie ye a pound o' tea.' 'Make it two,' returned Colin with the like significance, 'and I'll fight your duel for you.' The bargain was struck; Colin called on the offended officer, and told the story; both laughed heartily; the officer was easily induced to beg the skipper's pardon and shake hands with him; and the same evening, Colin invited them both to meet a party of brother officers in his quarters, and regaled them with the two pounds of tea."

Could one but have seen that oddest of tea-tables! But it would take something more than even John Leech to do justice to its union of the comic and the kindly, keeping full in view that "provisions were scarce," and that the guns of the besiegers were thundering through it all.

Lady Anne's adventures at the Cape, her success in fascinating the Dutch, and her odd waggon-journey of pleasure among the Boors and Hottentots of that savage African interior, are of course the most amusing of the personal narratives left by these faithful children of Earl James, who began the memoir-making of the house, and enjoined it as a family custom on his descendants after him. But perhaps we have already said enough of Lady Anne, who married late but happily, though she did not, as it seems, make a match quite equal to her rank and fascinations. Only one, indeed, of the three sisters seems to have married "well," as people say; and Anne and Margaret, the witty and the beautiful, were both alike childless. But we hasten to conclude our family picture with a closing scene, which gives it one of its greatest charms — the last days of the old Lady Balcarras, the mother of this band. The old lady Balcarras, the young, beautiful, somewhat severe Countess Anne of the preceding chapters, the Angiolina of a purer and more peaceful romance than that of Byron and the Doge — this careful mother of many children, giving an account of all her sons, and all their fortunes, to a relative, writes thus: "I have great reason to be thankful. Most of my sons are now afloat, and with a fair wind. Balcarras heads the van, with colors flying. I pray God no reverse may stop a progress so well begun, and really so justly deserved, for young men free of capital vices are rarely now to be met with. If Bob live a few years he may acquire a reasonable and easy fortune. Glory and laurels must content the sons of Mars; and — shall I confess it? — I think it very substantial food. A brave man is a welcome guest everywhere, and a captain is better fed and clothed than a little laird with three hundred a-year; and he can transmit to his posterity, all but the eldest, the same fortune — viz., the world before them, and Providence their guide.

So says the brave old lady, a fit mother of soldiers. And she is now established in Edinburgh, in the society of her cousin and lifelong friend, Mrs. Anne Keith, she who told Sir Walter half his stories, and was very sure of the identity of the Author of *Waverley* by this same certain sign — "Do ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among ither folk's kail?" And we do not think

that all the records of private or of public history contain a more beautiful picture of extreme old age than that presented to us here of the Lady of Balcarras by her own hand and that of her children. She who seems to grow happier every day as she grows older, and loses her memory after such a happy fashion that the sweet oblivion seems to veil her round from the everyday pains and trials, leaving only love, and the heaven which comes so close and near, behind. The pretty old figure knitting, and drawing "castles in the air," as Mrs. Anne calls them, though those castles had their foundations in the heavenly country, the holy and true *Chateau d'Espagne* of old age — the tender heart and simple imagination, separated by this forgetfulness from all the outer world; living, among Bible stories and visions of heaven, another life of their own. The picture is very charming — embodying, in the tenderest form of human weakness, that state, sometimes too high for common realizing, — "Our conversation is in heaven." Of herself, at eighty-two, Lady Balcarras writes: "I, of all the daughters of mortality, have least reason to complain, having enjoyed during a long life every blessing and comfort: my health is good, and, what is rather laughable, I am looking, for a girl of my age, really handsome. It makes me smile, when I am complimented on my charms, to think I cannot recollect the name of the person who does so, or of the most intimate faces I circulate amongst every day. But in other respects I am in perfect health, and my beloved husband, Anne Keith, thinks and does everything for me that can be desired."

"She is happy with her knotting, her calculations, and her little castles in the air which she is knotting," writes this "beloved husband," "and so entranced with her Bible and the lives of the Patriarchs, that I pronounce her the happiest human being I ever knew." At the same time, the old lady retains "a little sparkle of repartee;" and when handed into dinner by her little grandson, five years old, "does not feel quite happy if she has not a few compliments paid her on her dress and good looks." On her ninetieth birth-day, — "Her health was drank by a numerous circle — too numerous for her to be present; but we opened the doors between the dining-room

and her bed-room, that she might hear the cheers, with three times three. When our sounds ceased, her fine gay spirit drank her bumper-toast to us, with three cheers from her venerable self." We cannot conclude this beautiful sketch better than with one of those electric touches, which are beyond the reach even of genius, too tender and lovely for anything but real life and nature, and which, coming on it suddenly, surprises us to very tears. It was often the case with her, that "this world was lost in the prophesied happiness of the next. And then," as she said to me, "we shall all be young together again, Annie!" After such a climax, who could find another word to say?

Such were our mothers in the past generation; not only Lady Grisell and the Countess Anne, but many of humbler name and equal spirit, as many a heart must swell and beat to testify. Honor and dear remembrance, however, to those cherished memories, which "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!"

Lord Lindsay's book is far from being a new book, yet we have gone over it in detail; and still further from newness is the little work of Lady Murray: all the more gratitude do we, in our own humble opinion, merit from our readers, by recalling to their thoughts these delightful family stories, so fresh and full of life. We do not doubt that the very rank of the heroes and heroines of these volumes, besides placing them in

more direct and immediate contact with historical events, adds a certain charm to the simplicities, poverties, and exertions of their life. Yet we are equally persuaded that records as pleasant, as graphic, and as profitable, must exist in many a family of less station and pretensions. Would not some one undertake to renovate that popular cheap literature of ours, which begins to run to seed in the "original novels" of half-a-dozen particolored series, by such true, historical, and domestic narratives as these—narratives which might illustrate every county in the kingdom, as well as every period in its history? Look up the papers of your respectable forbears, dearest reader! Look up, we beseech you, with especial care and tenderness, the feminine portion of the same; take care to preserve the memoirs of your admirable old ancestor, but let the ancient gentlewomen have their will. We offer you our own most valuable services *con amore*, and the good word of Maga. And if you but do your duty as we pledge ourselves to do ours, we venture to promise that, half-a-dozen years hence, nobody will be able to say, as we do now, on laying down Lord Lindsay's three big volumes, and the tiny tome of Lady Murray, that these family histories, so full of noble exertions, courage, success, and endurance, are quite unique and unrivalled in their delightful kind.

HOW WINDOWS ARE BROKEN.—It appears from a list, lately published, of the breakages that occurred in the Plate-glass Department of the Times Fire Assurance Company, from 1st October 1855 to 31st July 1856, that out of a total of 470 windows broken during that period, only 11 are attributed to "malice aforethought," and that imprisonment was awarded to the perpetrators in three instances; 68 are laid to the charge of that mischievous individual, "nobody;" 67 were caused by stones, bricks, and other missiles, invariably thrown by those equally mischievous "boys;" "the wind" gets the blame of 27 "gas" of 14; 88 were caused by "shutters;" 16 by drunkenness and brawling; 9 by horses taking fright, and careless driving; settlement of houses, 6; thieves, 8; 14 occurred while "cleaning" was going on; and one breakage apiece is attributed to frost—a stone kicked up by a bullock—ditto by an omnibus-horse—a dog—a boy with hoop—boy playing marbles—cart shaking window—a sheep jumping—a crowd—Hyde-Park rioters—an air-gun—a blind beggar—a soda-water bottle bursting—and in one

singular instance a pane of glass "flew across," and cracked itself! The remainder were the result of accident or carelessness, and are variously explained. Among the reasons are: "slamming of doors"—elbows—"dressing window"—"something" outside—unloading carts—fanlights breaking—"porter"—ruler thrown—"one of our young men"—"a gentleman in our employ"—and various articles that appear to be continually falling through, such as bottles, packages, cheese, beef, ladders, boys, and assistants!—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE GREEK CROSS.—Can you inform me why the Greek cross has a piece of wood placed diagonally at the bottom? I asked a Russian priest, when I was in the Crimea, the reason of it. He told me that it was supposed to be a piece of wood placed there in order to tie the feet. He said there was no mention of our Saviour's feet being nailed to the cross. I have looked in the Bible, and can find no mention of holes in his feet.—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Examiner.

SENSE VS. LEGAL PEDANTRY.

"LAWYERS," says Bentham, "delight in plodding on in paths which reason has never trodden, or having trodden has forsaken." One of the paths of the latter description was the rule against self-crimination. It was a most wise and politic maxim when the object was to put an end to the extortion of evidence by torture. To that horrible practice the rule *nemo tenetur se ipsum accusare* was a complete bar; but having answered this excellent purpose its only virtue was exhausted, and all that was an irrational obstacle to the ends of justice. A recent act of Parliament has wisely broken in upon the obsolete principle by enacting that bankrupts may be examined touching all matters relating to their trade, thus compelling the disclosure of transactions of a criminal nature. In a case under this statute a bankrupt, Benjamin Scott, had to answer interrogatories criminating himself, and his answers were used against him for a criminal as well as for a civil purpose. The public will bear in mind the alarm it felt some short time ago lest those great malefactors, Paul, Strahan, and Bates, should escape punishment by an interpretation of the statute referred to withdrawing criminal acts disclosed under it from penal cognizance. Common sense then asked why offence should not be punished wherever and however it is brought to light, and whether justice was not to be preferred to the perfection of a mercantile account.

Scott was tried before Mr. Justice Willes and convicted, and the conviction has been appealed against, but affirmed by the majority of the four judges upon grounds thoroughly consistent with reason. Lord Campbell, in one of those luminous judgments for which he is so justly celebrated, observed, "Suppose the section 117 had begun with a preamble reciting the frauds of bankrupts, and the importance of having those frauds detected and punished, it would be difficult to say that the legislature intended no use to be made of the examination except for civil purposes."

Let us suppose, for example, that William Palmer's examination in Bankruptcy had given the clue to his crimes, as is quite within the range of possibilities, what would have been thought of a plea in his favor that the evidences of blood so brought to light

should be used for no other purposes than those of a correct balance-sheet?

Mr. Justice Coleridge was the only judge dissenting from the confirmation of the conviction of Scott. He stood upon the rule which he called sacred against self-crimination. He contended for absolution upon confession. He argued that the examination being for a special purpose, it could not be available for any other purpose; that it being for the end of getting an account of the estate, it could not be turned to the discovery and punishment of crimes. And why not? The creditors are seeking what is theirs, and has not criminal justice as good a right to what is hers? Are not her claims superior to all other claims? Is justice to be shut out in order that a better account for a dividend may be promoted? Is the detected malefactor to go free because, for the benefit of creditors, he has revealed his guilty transactions? Should there, then, be a plea of benefit of creditors like the benefit of clergy of old?

But, quoth Mr. Justice Coleridge, "the exposure and punishment of fraud may be purchased too dearly." But how too dearly, or in what too dearly? You find out a rogue and you punish him, what evil is that to the community? O, but, rejoins Mr. Justice Coleridge, you made him give evidence against himself. Well, what better evidence can be had against an offender than his own testimony? It is un-English, is the reply; it is un-lawyerlike, would be the truer objection. It is the interest of the lawyer to discountenance and discourage all the short cuts to justice. The law, in which he shows his skill, and of which he makes his profit, is a chase; and the more roundabout it is, and the more beset with impediments and obstacles, the better it serves his purposes as a craftsman. A sportsman has about the same sort of horror of knocking a fox on the head, or shooting a bird sitting, that the lawyer has of fastening on guilt by a direct and simple, instead of a circuitous process. Many of our lawyers and judges rise superior to this mere craftsmanship, and show themselves jurists; and most satisfactory it is to find that there were three such men on the Bench of appeal against one who mumbled over the sacred principle worshipped by Lord Eldon—this sacred principle being an obsolete, musty maxim, preferred by these admirers of everything antiquated to the substance, the very essence of justice.

THE SPLIT IN THE STATES.

UNITED STATES, if our good will
 Could but command its way,
 You would remain united still,
 Forever and a day.
 Does England want to see you split,
 United States?—the deuce a bit.

Your North and South dissevered, we
 With less disgust should view
 Only than England we should see
 And Scotland cleft in two.
 We wish your great Republic whole,
 With all our heart and all our soul.

Why, who are we? Almost alone,
 With you, upon this Earth.
 We bow before no Tyrant's throne,
 Believe us, aught but mirth.
 Your noble Commonwealth, if cleft,
 Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong,
 Together make, O friends!
 We wish you to continue strong,
 On union strength depends.
 So, that your States may keep compact
 Is our desire—now that 's a fact.

By Priest and Soldier's two-fold sway
 The old world groans, oppressed.
 We, and you only, far away,
 With Liberty are blest.
 And may we still example give,
 And "teach the nations how to live."

How all the Despots would rejoice,
 Should you break up and fail;
 How would the flunkies' echoing voice
 Take up their masters' tale.
 "Free institutions will not do"
 Would be the cry of all the crew.

The Press is gagged—the mouth is shut—
 None dare their thoughts to name,
 In Europe round: and lackey's strut,
 Arrayed in splendid shame;
 And creeds are, at the bayonet's point,
 Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear
 Our witness 'gainst these days.
 The world, at least, will not despair,
 Whilst we our free flags raise.
 Then may you still your stripes possess,
 And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not,
 The perils of the Free
 All spring from one unhappy blot,
 The taint of Slavery.
 That, that is all you have to dread:
 Get rid of that and go a-head.

— *Form Punch.*

IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

RICHARD LANGHORNE, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned, and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution he wrote the following exquisite and remarkable poem. In the language of the Quarterly Review, "A poem it must be called, though it is not in verse. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart."

It is told me I must die:
 O, happy news!
 Be glad, O my soul,
 And rejoice in Jesus, the Saviour!
 If he intended thy perdition,
 Would he have laid down his life for thee?
 Would he have called thee with so much love,
 And illuminated thee with the light of the Spirit?
 Would he have given thee his cross,
 And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die:
 O, happy news!
 Come on, my dearest soul!
 Behold, thy Jesus calls thee!
 He prayed for thee upon his cross;
 There he extended his arms to receive thee;
 There he bowed down his head to kiss thee;
 There he opened his heart to give thee entrance;
 There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die:
 O, what happiness!
 I am going
 To the place of my rest;
 To the land of the living;
 To the haven of security;
 To the kingdom of peace;
 To the palace of my God;
 To the nuptials of the Lamb;
 To sit at the table of my King;
 To feed on the bread of angels;
 To see what no eye hath seen;
 To hear what no ear hath heard;
 To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O, my Father!
 O, thou best of all Fathers!
 Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children!
 I was lost, but by thy mercy found;
 I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again;
 I was gone astray after vanity,
 But I am now ready to appear before thee.
 O, my Father!
 Come now, in mercy, and receive thy child!
 Give him thy kiss of peace;
 Remit unto him all his sins;
 Clothe him with thy nuptial robe;
 Permit him to have a place at thy feast;
 And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.